ORLEANS

BY GEO. BARTON

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(James J. Brooks has been called "one of the bravest men that ever lived" and any one who had the privilege of his acquaintance will endorse this description. As an internal revenue agent he was instrumental in breaking up the infamous "Whisky Ring" which swindled the Government out of millions of dollars. In recognition of his good work, General Grant appointed Brooks chief of the United States secret service, a post which he filled with distinction and which he retained during the administration of President Hayes. After leaving the Government service, Brooks organized a private detective agency. He died in Pittsburg four or five years ago.)

ONE morning in the spring of 1878 General Grant sat at his desk in the White House puffing away at the ever-present cigar and gazing blankly into space when his messenger announced Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania.

"Show him in at once," said the President.

After the first greeting had been exchanged, Senator Cameron exclaimed with marked earnestness:

"Well, General, I have the man you're looking for."

"Who is he?"

"James J. Brooks."

"Do you think he'll fill the bill?"

"I'm sure of it. He fears neither man nor the devil. He is as straight as a string, and will be absolutely loyal to you."

It was in this manner that James J. Brooks came to be selected to destroy the "Whisky Ring," a combination whose operations were bringing scandal upon the administration of General Grant. Brooks immediately proceeded to New Orleans, where, with the aid of competent assistants, he detected and destroyed the illicit distilleries and landed their backers in the penitentiary.

After that the intrepid revenue agent transferred the scene of his operations to Philadelphia. Strolling through the thinly populated section of Port Richmond—the northern district of the Quaker City—he noticed a thin cloud of smoke arising from a bonfire that had apparently been lighted by some mischievous boys of the neighborhood. He carelessly scattered the smoldering embers with his foot and proceeded on his way. A curious act on the part of a sedate man! But he had his reasons. That night a corps of Government detectives appeared on the scene and three notorious "moonshiners" and their assistants were arrested and sent to jail. A fully equipped still was in operation in a cave in the vacant lot and the pretendedly boyish fire had been lighted to distract attention from the smoke which necessarily arose from the illicit distillery.

Consternation prevailed among the violators of the Federal law. The thought of losing their profitable business drove them to desperation. A council of war was held in a saloon on Water street and it was openly announced that $600 had been subscribed for the purpose of "putting Brooks out of the way." The low-browed ruffians who were present knew the meaning of that phase only too well. But they all held human life cheap, and three of the toughs volunteered for the hazardous enterprise. The trio, whose names were to become infamous, included "Bob" Ahern, who had appeared in the criminal dock as often as he had fingers and toes; Neil Barlow, a hackman, without scruples, and Hughey Harrison, a desperado, who was known as "the man with the lazy eyes." Fifty dollars were paid down as an evidence of good faith, and a portion of this was immediately spent by the conspirators in celebrating the anticipated success of their unholy mission.

In the meantime Brooks continued making his daily rounds unconscious of the fact that a price was upon his head. He was no self-advertiser, and he made arrest after arrest in the most matter of fact way and without any blare of trumpets. Sometimes prisoners were captured with perfect ease and again only after a struggle, but always it was counted a part of an ordinary day's work. Brooks at that time lived at the Old Merchants' Hotel, a quaint structure on North Fourth street, a survival of revolutionary times. The three conspirators—Ahern, Barlow and Harrison—shadowed him from morning until night, waiting for a convenient time and place to accomplish their bloody purpose. The utter nonchalance of Brooks disconcerted the footpads—such is the effect which a really brave man has upon craven spirits. One night they had him in a dark corner, but the work was abandoned because Ahern complained of a sore heel, which he peevishly said might interfere with his flight. On another occasion, just as they were ready to strike the blow, Brooks turned into Appletree alley and was lost to sight in the turnings of that narrow thoroughfare.

On one foggy night, however, all the conditions were favorable, and it was determined to do "the job." All that afternoon and evening the three men waited at the corner where Brooks was expected to appear. Neil Barlow was on hand with a yellow-wheeled carriage to carry the assassins to a place of safety. Ahern

...how to begin
...answered at random:
...look at a coat?"

...man behind the counter paused to ...think. At the same time Brooks' keen eye detected a big storm coat on the end of the counter. He put his hand on the garment.

"This just suits me; what's the lowest price?"

The man started unconsciously.

"That's not for—" he began, then stopped abruptly. He smiled in an apologetic sort of way, and began again:

"I meant to say that it would not fit you."

The venerable couple stood in the doorway, their unsophisticated faces filled with wonder. The detective turned to the salesman and said sternly:

"How do you know it won't fit me?"

The man smiled again and began to rub his hands harder than ever. He spoke gently.

"I merely judged by your build."

Brooks felt in his hip pocket. He was satisfied with what he found there. He leaned over the counter until his face almost touched that of the salesman. He spoke slowly and with deliberation:

"Come! It's time to end this farce!"

"What do you mean?" cried the other, straightening up.

Brooks did not speak. He acted. He reached his arm across the counter and grabbing the green goggles pulled them from the astonished face of the salesman. A shout of dismay rang through the room.

There before the detective stood the man with the lazy eyes.

Those languid orbs never showed the slightest sign of uneasiness. The man's face twitched convulsively, but his eyes were almost motionless. Brooks dropped the green glasses and covered the fellow with his pistol.

"Come, Hughey Harrison!" he cried, "the game's up!"

"You win," said the other sullenly. "I surrender."

He was promptly handcuffed, much to the relief of the aged couple in the doorway. That same afternoon Neil Barlow, the driver of the yellow-wheeled carriage, was taken into custody. Harrison and Barlow "squealed" on "Bob" Ahern, who was with them in the conspiracy to kill Brooks, and after a hasty trial all three of the criminals were convicted and given ten years apiece in the State prison.

(Next week: "Vidocq and the Locksmith's Daughter.")

Not the Right Sort.

Visitor—How do you like your new minister?

Mrs. Mugg—He won't last very long. His wife is too worldly-minded.

Visitor—Really?

Mrs. Mugg—Yes. It's perfectly scandalous. All her dresses fit her.

The Quickest, Simplest Cough Cure

Easily and Cheaply Made at Home. Saves You $2.

This recipe makes a pint of cough syrup—enough to last a family a long time. You couldn't buy as much or as good cough syrup for $2.50.

Simple as it is, it gives almost instant relief and usually stops the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. This is partly due to the fact that it is slightly laxative, stimulates the appetite and has an excellent tonic effect. It is pleasant to take—children like it. An excellent remedy, too, for whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, throat troubles, etc.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents' worth) in a pint bottle and add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

Pinex is one of the oldest and best known remedial agents for the throat membranes. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and all the other natural healing elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this recipe have endeared it to thousands of housewives in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to

PASTOR RUSSELL'S SERMON

The Famous Minister of the Brooklyn Tabernacle Speaks to the People Through the Ledger Each Week.

Day of Doom Much Misunderstood. Let All Give Thanks.

LONDON.—Pastor Russell at Royal Albert Hall yesterday gave a most encouraging explanation of the Great White Throne of Revelation xx, 11. Pastor Russell's discourse at the Royal Albert Hall last night closed his present engagement here, so far as the public are concerned. He leaves for home next Saturday to fill an appointment at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 20th inst. With him will go the love and prayers of many English friends, whom he has practically promised that he will return next spring.

PASTOR RUSSELL

That last evening's large audience at Royal Albert Hall was deeply interested in Pastor Russell's address was evidenced by the earnest expression upon their faces and the close attention which they gave, notwithstanding the address was much more lengthy than is usual here.

The speaker sympathized with his audience in the general dread with which the Day of Judgment is usually regarded. He also once had the common view and now well knows its inconsistency and terrible misrepresentation of the Divine Program. The false view, he declared, began to be introduced in the Second Century and human fear and superstition continually made it worse and worse. The Bible, on the contrary, represented it as a period of glory and blessing. He noted the Psalmist's declaration, calling upon humanity and all creation to rejoice because the Lord would come to judge the earth in righteousness and the poor with equity (Psalm xcviii, 9).

According to the Bible the world's Judgment Day will be the world's time of opportunity for coming to a knowledge of God and then being tried, tested, or judged, as to their willingness to serve and obey God and his righteous government. Those found heartily obedient will be granted everlasting life with every joy and blessing appropriate to man in his perfection. Those rebellious to the light of righteousness of Jehovah will be destroyed in the Second Death without hope of any future whatever.

What will be the time when the Nation will have their trial after they shall be brought by Messiah's Kingdom to a clear knowledge of the Truth. That will be the time when the great masses of Christendom will for the first time hear of the real character of God and his requirements of them. Although some of them may have been in churches occasionally and may have seen Bibles occastonally, nevertheless the eyes of their understanding were darkened. They saw not; they heard not; they understood not. The god of this world blinded them (II Corinthians iv, 4).

That Judgment Day, the "thousand years of Messiah's Kingdom, will not only bind Satan, but chase away with the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness all the darkness, superstition and error of the world.

The Church will not be judged during that thousand-year Judgment Day because her trial, her judgment, takes place now—during this Gospel Age. The saintly few who will gain the great prize of joint-heirship with the Redeemer, Messiah, will be his Queen and sit with him in the Great White Throne of Judgment mentioned in the text; as the Apostle declares, "Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world?" (I Corinthians vi, 2).

One former and very unreasonbale view was that man, "born in sin, shapen in iniquity," depraved in all of his appetites, would be condemned of God in the Judgment Day on account of this heredity and environment, for which he is not responsible. The theory was that the heathen also would be damned in that Judgment Day, because they did not know and did not accept "the only name given under heaven." The theory was also that the masses of civilized society would in that Judgment Day be damned because they would not, and because they did not, live perfectly, nothwithstanding their heredity.

Now, said the speaker, we see that the death sentence was upon Adam and all of his race, who were in his loins when he sinned. We see that they could not be put on trial a second time until released from the first sentence. We see that their release will be at the Second Coming of Messiah in the glory of his Kingdom, when he shall cause the knowledge of the Lord to fill the whole earth and open all the blinded eyes. Then, because of having satisfied the claims of Justice against the race, the Great Redeemer, as the Mediator of the New Covenant, will grant the world of mankind another judgment or trial—additional to the one given to Adam, in which they all failed and from the penalty of which failure Jesus redeemed them.

True, the measure of light and knowledge now enjoyed and wilfully sinned against will work a corresponding degradation of character; all such downward steps will need to be retraced.

Symbolically the whiteness of the throne indicates the purity of the justice and judgment which will be meted out by the Great Redeemer as the Messiah-King. The heavens and earth which will flee away from the presence of that throne are not the literal, but the symbolical. The ecclesiastical heavens and the social earth of the present time will not stand in the presence of that August Tribunal. The people will not be judged nationally nor by parliaments and systems in society, but individually. The judgment or trial will not merely test those living at the time of the establishment of the Kingdom, but will include all the dead.

The books of the Bible will then all be opened—understood. All will then see that the Golden Rule laid down by inspiration through Moses and the Prophets, Jesus and his Apostles, are the very ones which God will require of men in the future and which Messiah will then enable the willing and obedient to comply with by assisting them up out of their sin and degradation. The judgment of that time, the test, will not be of faith, for knowledge will be universal and all the darkness and obscurity created by ignorance and superstition will have passed away. The test at that time will be of works, whereas the tests of the Church at the present time are of faith.

Pastor Russell declared that the Lamb's Book of Life alone is open now and only those called to be members of the Bride class and who accept the call are written therein. But in the great day of the world's trial of Judgment another book of life will be opened. A record will be made of all who, by obedience, show themselves worthy of everlasting life on the human plane, and, if faithful, they will eventually be accepted of the Father to life eternal.

"Jesus a Wonderful Man," in Ledger issue of next week.

Ever hear of a pearl being found in a church fair oyster?

A MODERN GEORGE.

Little Bobby Bumpkin
Wouldn't mind they say,
Told his ma a whopper
One February day.

Naughty Bobby Bumpkin
Should have known, forsooth,
All about the month in which
We celebrate the truth.

But, on the twenty-second,
His father told with pride
About the good George Washington,
The boy who never lied.

Of little Georgie Washington
Who chopped the cherry tree,
Then said, "I cannot tell a lie,
O, daddy, it was me!"

This made a deep impression
On Bobby Bumpkin's mind,
Who, now, to chop a cherry tree
Was very much inclined.

So getting out the hatchet,
Sharpened well and bright,
Bobby Bumpkin started out
To chop all trees in sight.

Chopping, chopping, chopping,
Goodness, it was fun;
Every tree around the house,
Nearly twenty-one.

"Now I've beat George Washington!"
Bobby proudly cried,
But wondered why his pa and ma
Didn't coincide.

Late that twenty-second,
Bobby, in disgrace,
Ate his frugal supper
Standing, at his place.

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Indeed a Trial.

The father of several boys was recently busily engaged in writing, sitting near the window, when he heard a shrill cry of "Dad! Dad!" from his youngest born, who was playing with his neighbors' children outside.

"What a trial my children are!" murmured the distinguished man, as he thrust his head out of the window. "Well, boy," he asked, "what is it?"

Whereupon the lad, who was standing in the center of a group of youngsters, replied:

"Willie Johnson wouldn't believe that you hadn't a hair on your head. That's all, dad."

Dangerous for Pigs.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the portly, pompous and florid magistrate, "you are charged with stealing a pig, a very serious offense in this district. There has been a great deal of pig stealing, and I shall make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."

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The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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CHAPTER XVI.
MYSTERY.

RUEL made another effort and gained his feet. He was still like one with muscles and limbs turned to lead, but the tumult in his mind served as a spur to his energies. The open door suggested the nerve-racking possibility that Tom Minker's men had raided the place and carried off the stores, and that meant death to the Drake party.

Dragging his unwilling feet, he made for the door. Reaching that point he looked for signs of invaders' tracks, but the outside snow presented no trace. If Minker had been there it was so long previous that the falling flakes had extinguished all evidence.

Noticing that Solon Wing was nearest the entrance Ruel seized upon him and tried to arouse him to life. Gentle means failed, and violent shaking was equally useless, so the investigator staggered away.

"Is everybody dead but myself?" he panted.

While he looked at his companions there was a stir and Jerry Boxx groaned deeply. Ruel pounced upon him, shaking him as he had shaken the second mate, but this time with better success. Jerry opened his eyes and stared blankly.

"What's wrong?" he asked dully.

"That's it!" cried Ruel. "What's wrong? Do you see what's afoot? The men are like the dead, and the door wide open. Stir, Jerry, stir!"

"Thunder!"

Boxx growled the single word and tried to rise. Ruel gave him a hand and they stood together.

"Dead men an' an open door!" Jerry added. "Minker has raided us!"

"Go to the storeroom, and I'll do more here. You and I are not dead, and maybe the others are not."

The nipping air was beginning to help the mate, and he acted with increased zeal. He had brought Davy Weed and Isaac Yates to their feet when Jerry came lumbering back.

"We can't see that a kidful of food is missing," he reported. "All seems to be nat'ral-like."

"Strange, strange! wait!—we forget Captain Drake."

Directing his course toward the skipper's bunk he soon had him astir. He came back to consciousness more quickly than the others, and without serious evidence of a muddled mind.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"I don't know, sir. All hands are stupid and the door is open.—"

Drake glanced toward like a flash.

"The door open!" he shouted. "We have been robbed by Minker!"

"It does not seem so, sir, but all is wrong here——"

The captain did not wait for more. He ran into the room of his daughters, and then to the storeroom. When this was done his usual calm returned and he questioned Ruel quickly and thoroughly. In a short time he had as much information as anybody else, and then he gave orders to have the men stirred out of their strange state. Each and all were forced to come back to life with the same dull stupor upon them that Ruel had felt, but nobody was dead, and nobody near death.

Davy Weed assumed activity, moving about as fast as he could.

"No smoke let loose," he then said, "an' there's no foul air. Only one way to explain it—we've been drugged!"

"Drugged!" echoed Drake.

"That's just it. We have taken somethin' into our internals that has stupefied us. Cook, was the food right we had at supper?"

"I'll swear it was," replied Ezekiel Trott.

"There was the grog we took," reminded Miah Long, dubiously.

"The grog was all right, too!" cried Drake. "Why, I mixed it myself!"

"Well, something did it, sir," argued Miah respectfully. "What was it?"

This was the problem they wrestled with for the next hour. They investigated, theorized, talked long and earnestly, but nothing came of it. They had been drugged, or so it seemed, and there was no visible clue to the harmful agent. The captain's daughters, who had drunk but lightly, were less affected, and this was suggestive.

The trouble was passing, but a desire for sleep was upon all. The entrance had long since been closed and the fires relighted, and, one by one, the men wrapped themselves up for further rest, but Drake took Ruel aside.

"It was the grog," said the skipper decidedly.

"But how can that be, sir?"

"Something foreign poured into it—laudanum or some other drug. While I was stirring it in my cabin all the while stand by the concoction. While my back was turned the villain poured in the drug. So much is clear, but the rest is not. Who is he?"

"There was the fire aboard the Dancing Peggy——"

"Just so! First, the evidence that somebody meditated scuttling the ship while we were afloat, and then later the fire below decks. Now comes this drugging business. Taylor, we have a traitor, a foul enemy, a desperate creature in human form among us. Who is he?"

The mate remained silent, gazing into the set, somber face of his superior officer, but in his mind an old perplexity was revolving: Why should anybody wish to injure the Dancing Peggy or the sailors, when the lives of all, including that of the alleged desperado, might depend upon ship and crew remaining intact and united?

As if in answer to the question Drake added:

"He's a tool of Tom Minker!"

"But," argued Ruel, "if that is so he has had a hundred chances, since we took refuge here, to open the door and admit Minker while we slept."

"That's a staggering argument," admitted Drake slowly. "It is, by George! But, but—See here, Taylor, have you no theory?"

Ruel had none, and he said as much. The captain knit his brows and tried to grasp new ideas, but quickly fell back upon the old explanation.

"The desperado is a tool of Minker's!" he asserted. "Yes, and I'll prove it. I can't say why he has done as he has, and done no more, but we will learn. Taylor, I'll unmask that man, and when it's done I'll hang him to the topmast of the Peggy!"

"He richly deserve it, sir."

"The vile knave dies! Let this talk be secret for now, Mr. Taylor. Give me time to do the unmasking in my own way."

With this he again sought his bunk, but Ruel was to have another experience before sleeping. The cook, one of the meekest men in the party, came to the mate with a pale, quivering face.

"Sir!" he said chokingly, "I wish I was either back in New Bedford or dead!"

"Why, what's amiss, Trott?"

"The blame for all this business tonight will come upon me. I'm a humble person, not looked on as sailor; an' I'll be the scapegoat. It's hard, hard, when all hands is agreed as to what's wrong in this crew!"

"Are they? Well, what is wrong?"

"It has been a-coming for weeks. Of course his troubles excuse his gettin' that way, an' I'm sorry for him as mortal can be for the afflicted, but, sir, I don't want to be disciplined an' maybe killed."

"Sorry for whom?"

"Why, sir, for the captain."

"Why should you be sorry for him?"

"Because his mind is gone wrong, you know. The poor man don't know what he's doin'. The Dancin' Peggy got ketched in the ice, an' it worried him so his mind snapped. The crew is agreed on that. Nobody blames him. Do you think if he was in his right mind he would set fire to the Peggy, or drug us fellers? No, sir, it was the deed of a deranged man."

"Do you mean to say he fired the ship?"

"Why, nobody seen him do it, an' nobody claims he can prove it, but somebody did it. Then that talk about hitchin' birds to the Peggy, an' gettin' them to lift her from this iceberg to reach water. It's unreasonable talk, sir? Now, I wouldn't care, only I'm cook, an' I'm sure to be blamed for this druggin' matter before it's ended. What more will I have? I'm the humblest man aboard!"

Ruel rallied his energies and argued as he had argued before. The talk about ptarmigan and other fowl to lift the ship was a joke of Drake's and nothing more. He handled this point easily, but it was not so light an affair to explain the drugging that followed. Drake's theory was out of the grog. He did his best to check the prevailing idea and assured Trott that no blame would rest upon any innocent man. Silenced, but far from being convinced, the cook ended the discussion, and Ruel was soon in his blanket.

Lying there, he mentally reviewed the evidence before him. The fire in the Dancing Peggy and the drugging were not to be put aside as trivial. On the contrary, they were things calculated to daunt the boldest man. A third blow from the same source might deal death to all of the party, and this terrible possibility, the question became of vital importance: Who had done all this?

Why should any man do it when success probably would mean his own death, along with that of his shipmates? Why, it was like the act of a madman—

Ruel caught himself up short in his reasoning. The belief of eight members of the crew that Captain Drake was deranged pressed hard and keenly upon him. Like the act of a madman! Shivering, he fell to examining Drake's conduct minutely. Considering the so-called joke on the Arctic fowls as absurd food for serious thought, he dismissed that feature lightly. And nowhere else could he see grounds for belief that the skipper was deranged.

Sleep came to the mate with the problem unsettled, but the main, ominous fact remained stubbornly acute—the refugees were threatened by a deadly enemy.

When the camp again aroused nothing was amiss on the surface, the entrance was duly closed, the fires burning, and the men free from the effects of the incubus of the drug. There was no jollity at breakfast, but, on the contrary, considerable serious talk in low tones, but there was a general inclination to make the best of a bad mystery. Drake acted his usual part, giving only civil words and carrying a composed countenance, but after they had eaten he stated that he had one question more to ask.

"When we came out of our stupor, the door was open. Who opened it?"

There was a pause, while the men looked one at the other. Then several of their number denied all knowledge of the matter.

"It is odd," added the captain. "Noiseasings of ice it would take but little to break in, but nobody broke in. Some one of us undid the fastenings, inside, and opened the door. Who?"

His glance traveled rather sharply along the line of faces, but again the hands denied all knowledge. He let the matter drop easily, but his gaze went to Ruel's face for a moment, conveying a message that only the mate could read. He meant that, somewhere in that group, the doer of the mischief sat and was filled with the lie of silence.

The mystery was not solved that day, nor for many days to come. Life went on in the ice chambers in the former way. The prisoners of the Arctic ate, drank, slept talked and idled time away. Once a week, as before, they fed Tom Minker's men. No trouble occurred with that uncongenial crew, and the unknown mischief-maker in the refuge struck no additional blow. He was seldom mentioned now, for Drake had failed to learn who he was, and it had grown to be an old story with the hands.

Meanwhile, nature was busy. About the middle of April there was a sudden fall in temperature, bringing cold so keen that even their furs and hoods totally failed to make life endurable outside the chambers, but it brought only satisfaction to them, all being sure that it was nature's announcement that stormy weather was soon to end.

After some days the conditions bettered, and the mercury rose to a point that set the ice to crackling, plain proof that it was already feeling the spur of spring that would loosen it from its moorings of the long winter, and, in due time, set it once more adrift.

When this occurred its course was sure to be toward the south, which would ultimately bring it into temperate latitudes, where it would gradually melt away in a kindly sun. After that—well, what? No man could say. Possibly all hands would then drown.

Another change that had become pronounced was the upsetting of winter arrangement of night. Instead of constant darkness they now had almost constant day, the nights being only about three hours long. The time pressed upon them when they must take up the struggle of life in a new way, and it was likely to be a thrilling fight.

Still the days passed, and still the warmth increased, the hospitable sun pouring down its rays with zeal as if to make up for lost time and past lack of neighborly good will, and the iceberg felt its power.

One evening Dorothy and Mary prepared for sleep in their chamber.

"The noises are more constant than ever, tonight," said the former.

"It's been a warm day, sis," Mary replied. "Under such heat the ice is excusable for cracking—it's simply got to crack!"

"But it has been irregular previously, and now it's steady; yes, and in a different key. Hear it? Tap, tap, tap! Why, it is like the sound made by a stone-cutter, drilling at granite."

"Which proves that stone-cutters are men of genius, if they can so well imitate nature's delights," said Mary. "Let the ice crack, and do you go to sleep. Bother the ice and its music. Heigho!"

Half an hour later both girls were asleep, but the sounds kept drilling and not cease. Tap, tap, tap! As Dorothy had said, it was a new note for the ice to make. Tap, tap, tap!

CHAPTER XVII.
THE ATTACK.

Since the latest trouble in the refuge one man was always astir at night. After the way of the sea he was called a lookout, but his looks were always within, not without. This night Jerry Boxx was on guard. With him on duty there was never a question as to what he was about, for he was not the man to neglect due precautions. Other men might sleep on their posts, but he, never.

Jerry paced about, as to time, thinking of somebody in New Bedford. He often thought of that somebody, and the imprisonment in the Arctic had seriously disarranged his plans. It was vexatious, but Jerry was not the man to mind trifles, as if Captain Drake had not cheated him out of a happy winter by playing checkers with early ice-floes. That was Jerry's way.

"Wonder how she is?" mused the sailor, as he paced. "Never knew her to be sick in hre life, an' I guess she is all right. Yes, an' I know she is too sensible to worry 'cause I'm not back. She's a rare gal, she is; but it kinder frets her sex to have a weddin' postponed a whole winter. Still, land sakes! she can't be married without me bein' there, an' she will just make the best on't. That's her way!"

The faith within him was strong, and, all cold weather through, he had never doubted that the woman of the case would wait. Himself loyal, he credited her with the same good qualities.

Pacing, he dwelt in imagination upon her and her attractive gifts, but he had a sudden awakening—a terrific noise, a crash, sounded. It was borne from the storeroom. He knew that, and started as if under spur. It might mean nothing more than the slipping of a box, but it was unwise to let anything go without investigation. With long quick steps he crossed the floor and flung aside the blankets that covered the connecting doorway.

Then he had his fill of surprise. A dim light burned in the room, and men were there. This much he had seen when something crashed close to his head and the broken ice-casing flew in a shower into his face. He heard the heavy blow, and in a ringing shout of alarm when he was seized by the collar and jerked violently into the room. The curtain fell again and he was shut in with enemies. They were many in a bunch, whacking soundly, but, still sending out his alarm-cry, Jerry established the fact that he knew something about whacking, himself.

His fists became dancing thunderbolts, and as they shot out in swift forays they found flesh and hammered it to the grief of those who were in the way. Men fell before his blows, and the combined attack weakened.

Now, too, there was prompt rallying to his aid, and his shipmates came rushing to the scene, led by Ruel Drake and Davy Weed. What happened afterwards was never told clearly. The marauders had blown out the light, and no man could see in the darkness, but there was a quick fire of blows and sundry clinchings, and somehow, the foe melted away; and when Captain Drake and Peter Barnes appeared with lights they saw only their own crew, as far as human beings were concerned.

Something else they did see—the storeroom was in confusion, while at the farther side was an aperture like a crude doorway that had not been there the day before.

"Raided!"

Drake shouted the word vehemently, staring at the opening with momentary blankness, but he aroused like a lion.

"After them!" he added fiercely. "Pursue!"

He set the example, darting forward and disappearing in the foreign way, and after him came the others freely. Ruel paused to bid Solon Wing remain and guard the quarters, and he and the others who stayed were not long alone. Back came the pursuers, gloomy of face and discomfited.

"Outwitted!" growled Drake.

"What stopped you, Mr. Taylor?" asked Mary, her voice ringing sharply. "I'd have followed them to their lair and—"

"Their tunnel was barred with great blocks of ice," interrupted Davy Weed. "Sure, they was pretty fair cunnin', for

(Continued on page eight.)

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Or, The Trail of Vengeance

(A Story of the Panama Canal and a Long Chase Through South America)

By ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE

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CHAPTER XX.

THE KILLING.

THE first night of Cabrenoza's landing in Rio Harkless, who had made friends with him during the trip, suggested that they go to some place of amusement to spend the evening. Cabrenoza readily consented, longing for excitement of some sort. Following the instructions Dioneza had given him, he suggested that they go to the Paz, which was now being run by a friend of his, Isaac Levi, saying he had just met Levi, and that he told him he had a most wonderful and most mysterious dancer on the bill, a woman who danced with a mask, no one knowing her real identity, not even himself. This had greatly aroused Cabrenoza's interest and curiosity, but not for a minute did he guess that the woman was his wife.

They went to the theater, Smith having given Harkless two box seats which commanded a splendid view of the stage. The performance started, Cabrenoza enjoying every number. Then a murmur of expectation ran over the audience as the curtain went up and disclosed a sumptuous setting representing an inner court of the Alhambra of Spain, the Moorish magnificence of which startled the eye.

Presently Anita in the veils and robes of a Moorish princess flitted into the room like a fairy, a thunder of applause greeting her appearance. She bowed her thanks, then started her dance, her transparent robes showing the matchless perfection of her rounded limbs as she went through the difficult steps of the dance.

She knew that Cabrenoza was there watching her. From the peephole behind the curtain she had seen him, and she had determined to dance as she had never danced before, to prove to this man, should he recognize her, as she feared he would, that the woman he had scorned could be loved and admired by others.

At her first appearance on the stage Cabrenoza sat up in his seat, struck by the woman's grace, but when she began to dance, something in her poses and steps, in the general outlines of her figure, struck him as familiar. A sudden suspicion came to him, he bent eagerly forward, trying to see beneath the mask, seeking to fathom the depth of the shining black eyes, which were occasionally flashed upon him as the dancer swept to the footlights. He could not be sure, and Anita danced on, answering recall after recall, until, exhausted and breathless, she was forced to bow from the waist amid an avalanche of flowers which frantic admirers cast over the footlights at her feet.

When the curtain descended upon the act, and the greater part of the audience rose to leave the playhouse, having come to see the famous dancer, Cabrenoza recovered from the spell under which he was labouring, and turning to Harkless said hurriedly:

"Harkless, I must know the woman's name!"

"Everybody in the audience has a similar wish, my friend Levi tells me he has been offered as high as a thousand dollars to reveal the woman's identity."

"He will have to tell me," announced Cabrenoza darkly.

"I don't believe he knows; he assured me he did not. She came to him one day asking for work. He saw her act, liked her work, and accepted her. She then insisted on coming with a mask and Levi consented."

"Can you introduce me to this Levi?"

"Easily, he stops at our hotel."

"But I want to see him tonight—at once," cried Cabrenoza, his excitement increasing every minute.

"We may try seeing if he is in his office at the theater," suggested Harkless, and the two men left their seats.

A crowd of men was trying to storm the office door, all bent on the same errand—to know the woman's name and address. Smith had refused admittance, expecting as he did Cabrenoza's visit. Harkless sent in his card, and the next minute they were admitted to the private office where they were greeted by a white-haired and white-moustached man in whom only an expert on disguises could have recognized the young and elegant Smith. Harkless introduced the two men, and when all were seated, on Smith's invitation, Cabrenoza asked:

"Mr. Levi, I want to know the name of your Spanish dancer."

Smith laughed: "My fortune would be made if I knew it myself, for more than one rich Brazilian would pay me any price I choose to ask if I told him. The men in waiting outside are all seeking the opportunity to ask me the same question."

"You don't mean to say that you have no clew as to her real identity?"

"None whatever, and what may surprise you the more, I have not even seen her face."

"Impossible!" cried Harkless, feigning surprise.

"It's gospel truth. She came to me one morning, her face covered by a heavy mantilla. She offered to show me some of her dancing, and we went down to the stage. She danced for me without removing the mantilla. I saw that she was a remarkable dancer, and I hired her. It was then she told me she would always wear a mask. I saw the advantage of this mystery, and I accepted. I have not regretted it," and Smith rubbed his hands in a satisfied manner.

"What is her address? Where can I find her?"

"That is something else I can't tell," smiled Smith.

"Do you mean that you do not know where she lives?"

"I know, but I am not allowed to tell. She has warned me that she would break her contract if I told and she's too good-paying a proposition for me to risk losing her."

Cabrenoza was frowning. The more mystery about the woman, the stronger his suspicion. He hesitated a second, then said:

"Would you give her a letter from me?"

Laughingly Smith pointed to an overflowing waste basket:

"There are the letters that have been sent her through me. She positively refuses to receive one."

There was no more to say. Baffled and disappointed, Cabrenoza took his leave with Harkness. On their way to the hotel, the detective said suddenly to his companion:

"Would you want me to get a letter to the lady? I believe I can. Levi will do almost anything I ask him."

"Would you do that for me?" cried Cabrenoza, pausing in his moody walk and looking at Harkless with a delighted face.

"Sure. I'm always willing to help a friend, and I see that your heart seems set on meeting the lady. Can't say I blame you, though."

"I will give you the letter first thing tomorrow. I can never thank you enough for doing that for me. I may be able to give you my reasons later."

"Never mind the reasons," smiled Harkless, with a meaning wink. "The lady herself is reason enough."

The two men separated, and Cabrenoza hastened to his room. Still he was not sure that the woman was Anita, and now that he was alone and was able to calmly reason out the situation, he realized that the writing of the letter would not be an easy matter. After thinking out, then rejecting, several forms of letters, he decided to write to the mysterious dancer as he would to any other woman in her profession, asking for an interview in the morning at some near cafe. He would sign an assumed name. If she answered, he would know the handwriting; if not, he could try some other means of discovering who she was. After writing his letter he went to bed, but could not sleep, haunted as he was by the vision of loveliness and grace he had beheld that night, and in whom he thought he recognized the woman he had so basely abandoned.

For the next two days he lived in a fever of suspense and excitement. The papers had published the startling announcement that at the Friday evening performance the mysterious dancer would unmask and tell her story from the stage. If it was Anita, he feared more and more it was, he was forever disgraced in the eyes of the world. He had received no answer to his note, though Harkless had assured him it had been received by the lady. He haunted the theater every evening, always rejecting, always seated in the left-hand box, which Smith had most generously given up to him.

Where, every night, Anita saw him and gloated over her coming triumph and his shame. She had decided not to answer his note, preferring to keep him in suspense, understanding that he had partly recognized her, yet was not sure. And she danced with more grace, more abandon, wanting, ere she struck him a deadly blow, to regain over his senses the sway she had once had over him. And this she succeeded, Cabrenoza being ready to give all, even Dioneza himself, to possess once more the woman he had so willingly abandoned only a few weeks before.

He wrote a second note—this time to the point—telling Anita that he had recognized her, forbidding her to reveal her name or tell her story, then asking her pardon for his sacrilegious wedding with her to flee with him away from Dioneza and his vengeance, saying he loved her more than ever, that he could not live without her, as he had thought he could. Anita showed his second letter to Harkless as she had done the first, and he advised her to answer, not admitting her real identity, but repulsing the offer, saying she was through with him, then and forever, and that she would not change her plans for that coming Friday. Anita followed Martin's advice.

Cabrenoza received this answer on Thursday morning, and the hot blood of jealousy and anger went to his head like madness. He wrote a third note, stating that death would be her reward if she dared carry out her threat. Upon reading this Anita, whose nerves were strung to the highest point of tension, laughed in the joy of her coming revenge and wrote back in answer:

"Your abandon has killed by soul. Complete your work, if you will, by killing the body; but speak I will, if it is the last thing I do. I want you branded before the world as the coward that you are, and my life is not happy enough for me to object to having you also branded as a murderer, even if I must be the victim."

This answer nearly drove Cabrenoza out of his head. He tried to see Smith, who had expected something of the sort, and had gone from his office, nor was he to be found at his hotel. Cabrenoza then sought Harkless, telling him everything and imploring him to stop the scandal. Harkless had replied that it was not in his power.

Thus Friday night came. Every seat in the house had been sold many times over, some making as much as fifty dollars by reselling their tickets to those who had come late. Every inch of standing room had also been sold, yet a disappointed and curious crowd waited without, expecting a sensation.

Harkless and Cabrenoza still had their box seats. They arrived together, both faces dark and anxious, the detective more collected in outward appearance, but at heart far more anxious than his nervous companion. He had that morning received a letter from his daughter and one from Mrs. Williamson in which they announced to him the romance which had sprung up between young Carlos and the maiden. The son of the man he had been hunting down was the accepted suitor of his own daughter; they loved each other, and to break up the match now would be equal to breaking his daughter's heart. He knew that the night would not pass without Dioneza's vengeance coming to a climax, and without being able to guess what that climax was to be, he was afraid for Adriana's happiness. If it was only Cabrenoza's life which was at stake, all would be well, but he feared it might be his honor; then the son would share in the disgrace. He knew it was too late to change the situation; he must let events take their course, then act accordingly.

The performance started, but the impatient audience did not pay much attention to the first part of the program, all awaiting the revelations of the mysterious dancer. At last her number came. A breathless silence fell over the vast room as every body waited, bending eagerly forward to catch the spoken words.

Anita clad in her dancing robes appeared before the curtain. Beneath the mask her face was a livid, the blood rushing back to her throbbing heart. Her first glance was at Cabrenoza. He was paler than she, and in the look of the eyes fixed upon her the woman read her death warrant. If she spoke he would kill her. This only made her the more determined to tell her story. She had suffered so much that death was sweet, more so, as that death would forever silence her by making of the one who had broken her heart a fiend.

She stood for a second gazing at the sea of faces upturned to her, then she spoke, slowly and calmly at first, then with ever-increasing excitement, her voice rising higher and shriller as she related her wrongs. Not one detail of Cabrenoza's brutal treatment did she omit—his drunken revels, when he would beat her without mercy, his desertion

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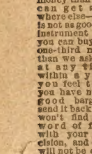

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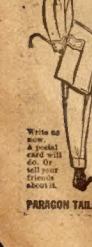

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"Then why did you let him escape?"

"That I might lengthen his agony. I want him to fall from hope to despair, then go back to hope again, only to meet with deeper despair afterward. I want to keep him in constant terror of those gallows on which he will finally die. I want him to lead the haunted life of the escaped criminal. Then when he thinks he is saved, when he is sure of his salvation, so Plunkett again into the torments which he thinks he has forever escaped!"

"I'm with you in that. Command, and I shall obey blindly!" cried Martin in sudden admiration.

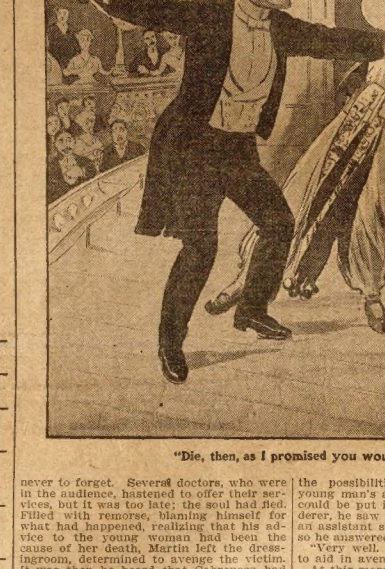
"What do you mean?" asked Dioneza surprised.

"I mean that I want to help avenge that little woman who so bravely fought the unequal battle of her wife against yours. Your plans assure me of that vengeance on the only one, who, to my eyes, was guilty in this sad affair—Cabrenoza."

Dioneza looked at Martin in sudden suspicion. Martin understood the look and hastened to add:

"You are mistaken, Senor Dioneza. There was nothing between us. That unfortunate woman loved but one man—her slayer."

Dioneza believed him, and after a moment's thought, during which he weighed



"Die, then, as I promised you would!"

over scenery, and finally reaching the stage door. No one stopped him. In the dark alley back of the theater a carriage was waiting. He leaped into it, crying to the coachman, who was no other than Garcia himself:

"To the station, and drive like mad!"

The horses were off at a breakneck speed and for the time at least Cabrenoza was saved. Dioneza had figured everything to happen as it did. He knew the man's hot temper would not stand Anita's revelation, and he judged that in a moment of passion he would strike without thought or reason, then would try to escape; and to make his vengeance the more lingering and secure, Dioneza had decided to give him the means of escape, but arranged for an immediate pursuit, headed by himself. He wanted to give him the pleasure of this man hunt, knowing that with the money at his disposal the murderer could not long escape him. Harkless had unconsciously helped him by saving Cabrenoza from the first fury of the mob.

Martin had been one of the first to reach the wounded Anita. He had lifted her in his arms and carried her to her dressing-room. As he lifted her, she heaved one last sigh, and her opening eyes met his in a dying look of farewell he was destined never to forget. Several doctors, who were in the audience, hastened to offer their services, but it was too late; the soul had fled. Filled with remorse, blaming himself for what had happened, realizing that his advice to the young woman had been the cause of her death, Martin left the dressing-room, determined to avenge the victim. It was then he heard that Cabrenoza had escaped, aided by Harkless. Not knowing Harkless' private reasons for aiding the murderer, he thought that Dioneza had planned the escape, realizing at the same time that this must be to inflict a greater punishment on the guilty man. He hastened to look up Smith, but he had disappeared. Anxiously he hurried to Dioneza's hotel. He found the Spaniard packing a suitcase.

"Do you know?" was his first question.

"That Cabrenoza stabbed his wife? Yes, I saw him do it."

"The man has escaped."

"I expected he would. I am preparing to follow him."

Martin looked at the strange man who so calmly answered him, speaking with such apparent indifference of the death of a woman once tenderly beloved and of the escape of her slayer. True the cold face was unusually pale, while the eyes seemed dark and misty, but further than that, he did not betray the least emotion.

"How do you know you will be able to track him down?"

Dioneza looked up from his packing, fixed his stern dark eyes on the young man, and answered:

"Garcia is acting as Cabrenoza's coachman; Smith is at the station where Garcia has orders to take the murderer, and Smith will see that I am informed of the fugitive's whereabouts."

"Then all this was planned by you—everything decided in advance—even her death?"

"It was."

"And yet you claim you once loved her? Impossible!" cried Martin in indignation.

Dioneza sprang up to the young man, seized him almost rudely by the arm and looking him full in the eye, cried hoarsely:

"Great God, man! May you never love as deeply as I loved her!" Then more calmly, as he resumed his packing: "I let her die because I pitied her and wanted to save her further suffering. Believe me, could her silent lips speak, she would say, 'thank you.' I know, because I before her have felt that agony without name of being basely abandoned by the one you love. I wished that she should feel those tortures. For that reason I had Cabrenoza abandon her, then when I thought she had suffered enough, I mercifully gave her death—the only cure."

For a moment Martin did not speak, awed by the man's strange reasoning. Then he asked:

"But her fellow sinner? Do you intend treating him thus mercifully?"

"No," and a cruel smile displayed the Spaniard's teeth, "I will finally give him the rest of death, but it will be a death of shame on the gallows!"

"What I might lengthen his agony, I want him to fall from hope to despair, then go back to hope again, only to meet with deeper despair afterward. I want to keep him in constant terror of those gallows on which he will finally die. I want him to lead the haunted life of the escaped criminal. Then when he thinks he is saved, when he is sure of his salvation, so Plunkett again into the torments which he thinks he has forever escaped!"

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(Continued on page fourteen.)

the possibilities and use to which the young man's affection for the dead woman could be put in the punishing of her murderer, he saw that in Martin he would have an assistant such as money could not buy, so he answered:

"Very well. I shall give you the chance to aid in avenging her."

At this moment some one knocked at the door. Dioneza called out:

"Who's there?"

"I, Harkless," came the answer.

Dioneza turned to Martin with the whispered order:

"Whatever I say do not seem surprised." Then aloud: "Come in."

Harkless entered. He looked at Dioneza, trying to read on the sternly set face what he thought of his, Harkless', interference in saving Cabrenoza from the fury of the mob, then letting him escape.

"Be seated, Harkless, and make your report."

"I fear you will not like my report, senor. Cabrenoza killed his wife."

"I know it."

"In trying to save him from those who wanted his life, being sure you would want it yourself, I was unfortunate enough to let him escape me. I do not know where he is."

"It doesn't matter, Harkless. I'm through with the man. He has done what I wanted of him. Let the haunting remorse of her death complete my revenge. I have paid off Smith. I was just about to settle with Martin, and have your check ready. Here it is. I return to New York on the first steamer leaving Rio. I thank you both for your assistance."

Speaking thus he handed Harkless the check. The detective guessed that the man was lying, but for personal reasons he wanted his liberty. For Adriana's sake Cabrenoza must never be caught alive. Until he was caught and sentenced there would never be any proof that the murderer of Rio was the politician of Panama. People could suspect, but no one would be sure, and the family name would be saved from disgrace. He, therefore, must be free to countercheck all of Dioneza's attempts to recapture the guilty man. He took the check, saying simply: "Then I am at liberty to return to Panama?"

"Yes."

"I am glad of it, as I long to see my daughter, I shall leave tonight by the very next train."

After a few more words, Harkless took his leave, telling Martin to report at the New York office by the fifteenth of the following month, which Martin promised to do.

When the older detective had left them, Martin turned to Dioneza with the question: "Why did you do that?"

"Because I know that for some unknown reasons, Harkless wants Cabrenoza to escape further punishment. Tonight when he aided the man to escape he acted without instructions, though he did just what I

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Boy's and Girl's Corner

Oscar Hartley's Fortune;

Or, Stepping Into Dead Men's Shoes

By Ida. M. Shepler

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Begun in No. 6, Feb. 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from the news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER III.
A CHANGE.

ANXIOUSLY Oscar and his stepmother awaited the answer to that letter of inquiry. It came as speedily as mail could transmit it, and came from the lawyer hired by Thomas Hartley to look after his business for the last few years before his death.

"I am quite certain," he wrote, "that you will be able to establish your claim to his property, for I have heard him speak of his twin brother, David, and also, a few times, of his English parentage, and once the name of his father and mother, which names I remember. I am quite unable to understand why he left nothing in writing relative to his people, as he was quite careful and methodical in his character and habits. Bring your proofs and come, or make some arrangements by which you can establish your identity."

Oscar looked seriously at his stepmother, then said, soberly: "You gave all for my father, should this be mine, you share half, legally with me."

"Oh, no, son," she gently answered, "that would not be right."

"But I tell you it is right. I am old enough to understand. You are just the same as a real mother. What is mine is yours. Understand? I was very sorry for you when I remember how you promised my father never to forget or forsake the children he was leaving in your care. If I am only a boy I don't forget either." Oscar promptly replied.

"I did it for love as well as to keep a promise, my son. No son of my own could be nearer to me than you have been, will ever be. We must have money to go with, no money to go away upon. I am not able to walk up to the town. You must go and ask the Stines if they will buy the cottage and all of Oscar's lands as well. I am a little little, and in the present state of doubt in their affairs they may not want it at any price."

As Oscar went, his head was lowered in deep thought. "She gives the last of her inheritance for my sake," he mused. "It is likely to be but a wild goose chase. If I fail to prove myself the heir, then nothing remains for us to keep a roof over our head. May it never fail me," and locking the muscle of his right arm, Oscar looked at it intently, to be roused by hearing sobs, and looking up to see Daisy Nelson hurrying across the Commons to him.

Before he could inquire the reason of her tears, she began:

"I have left the McNabbs. Ran away for sure this time. It's so miserable there since the strike, and it was bad enough before. Granny is going somewhere to cook for that false haired fellow. She says he is rich. I never saw him after that evening you furnished him, but she said I think he sent for me to come with her. She says I shall go, and McNabb says so, too. Says his wife must straighten her lazy back up and do what work there is to do, or want you to hide me where they will never get me. I will die before I go with Granny, or back to that house again!"

Oscar had told his stepmother that if all turned out as he hoped for himself (for though he would not agree that he was building on the hope to any extent, they must send for Daisy. Here she was, a question to solve before he knew whether the money for their own need would be forthcoming.

Stine, senior, a cold, calculating, but still a just man, was at home. Grimly, it seemed to Oscar he listened to his story, then abruptly answered:

"I will be over this afternoon to see the house, although that ground may never be worth the buying to me. Anyway, I've got the only available bit of ground about Oreston where the Steel Combine might plant rival shops and undermine me, and I will stick to it, you bet."

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"And, say, I haven't forgotten your father, neither the woman who made him such an excellent second wife. She's a fine woman, honest and true. Lad, if your quest should prove but blue sky, come back to that cottage. It is yours free of rent."

Oscar thanked the man. The cottage was as good as sold then, he pondered, and his respect for Stine was mounting high. After all, he was not a hard hearted man, even if others thought so. He was glad now that but a few days before the works had closed down, on hearing one of the highest paid workmen, an expert in the enterprise, sneering at the clothes Stine wore, he had spoken up to say: "Maybe because he never pays over twenty dollars for his best suits, and wears shabby one dollar hats, is why he can give you better wages than you can get other places, and keeps the shops moving all the time?"

The boy's tone had been respectful, inquiring. It was really for information he put it as much as for Stine.

"Mebbe you'd like to have my job," the workman flirted back.

"Mebbe he will some day, before many years, if you continue goin' the gait you are now with your drinkin' an' gamblin' up your money as fast as you earn it," Bill Tarn replied to Oscar, the look going with the words significant enough to silence the sneering fellow.

Oscar was thinking of this as he hurried home, soon to be home no more.

He found Daisy still weeping and his stepmother worried. He settled matters by declaring: "We will take her with us."

"But we must get her away from here before the McNabbs come and take her away by force," Mrs. Hartley added. "I have a few dollars put by. Daisy, I am going to give you enough to take you up to Winton. I have an old friend there. She lives within sight of the depot. I will give you a letter to her. We will stop there for you as we go to Canada. Can you get across the Commons again without being seen and round to the station? If you can there is a train leaves for the north in less than an hour."

"I will do my best to get there," Daisy answered, looking down at the small bundle she carried, containing "Granny dresses."

"Then fix up as neatly as you can in your best dress while I write my letter, and the directions you must heed if you get there safely," Mrs. Hartley told her firmly.

That night, Granny McNabb, hunting in all directions but the right one at first for Daisy, came storming over the waste ground to the Hartley cottage, vowing vengeance.

"Search for yourself," said Mrs. Hartley. "Daisy was here, but she went away up town somewhere. Look again for her there."

The woman's calm tone somehow assured Granny that Daisy had not found a resting place in that humble home. Then, not finding the girl up town, she set herself the task of watching the Hartley cottage for the next few days, hoping that the girl might again come to it." It dawned upon her that the cottage was sold when the Stines came to move the household goods to a storing house. Granny was on hand when Oscar and his stepmother boarded the train for Canada. There were but the two tickets bought. Up to that time she had hoped that somewhere Daisy had hidden away Daisy, now she gave it up.

The trip to the lakes, the journey across and beyond into the Manitoba land, and on to the Province of Tevis, where the fertile corn and fruit lands blended into the great forests of fine timber, was a real treat to the three; until now having seen so little of the country at large.

The train had run way down the western sky upon the June afternoon the train left them at a little country town station, on which was printed Tevis.

The fields of grain, the reaches of nicely kept and fruit lands, the pretty country homes, for a long way back, had been picturing themselves on Oscar's brain indelibly. This was the land for him, he told Daisy.

The station stood off at one end of the town. About it were warehouses, stockpens and a couple of elevators. A brick pavement led away from it up to the town. A few passengers had alighted at the station besides themselves. One young man Oscar had noticed in particular. He had boarded the train ten miles back. Farmer was written on his attire from the check shirt to the heavy shoes, and yet he was good looking despite his rough attire. That he had been off looking after some farming interests Oscar could tell by his talk to the agent. He was tall, of a light summer hat from his light and very curly hair. The young man pitched in to help the agent roll some boxes, evidently his own, out of the way.

"I suppose the way to find the town proper is to walk up and look for it," Oscar asked him.

The merry blue eyes twinkled as their owner replied: "That is what the monkey told the turtle lookin' up at a cocoanut. 'If you want to get that nut walk up the tree as I do.'"

"We want to find a lawyer by the name of Maurice Scofield, after which we may want to find a conveyance out to the home of the late Thomas Hartley," Oscar continued.

"Well, now, is that so? I'm Maurice Scofield's brother, and I live next section to the Hartley land. We were once neighbors. I am going up to my brother's office, and after your business with him is finished, if you care to, you may ride out with me. Your ma and sister, I s'pose?" with a jerk of his curly head toward Mrs. Hartley and Daisy.

Oscar explained briefly who they were. As the four left the station, Daisy, glancing back, saw a long, gangling form disappear behind a box car.

"Oh, Mrs. Hartley," the girl ejaculated, shrinking close to her friend, "I saw some one then who is the very image of Granny McNabb's relation. Could it be him?"

CHAPTER IV.
DISAPPOINTMENT.

As the lawyer's brother escorted Oscar and his companions to the office, he told them, blithely, that his own name was Clinton Scofield, Clint for short, and that he farmed a large tract of land and marketed various kinds of fruits as well as grain; that he kept several hired hands, and having neither mother, sister, aunt or any other female relation, kept house for his hands, and shared with them in cooking.

"Yes, that's the worst part of it. It's the eatin'," he confided with a sly wink around. "I cook awhile until my luck gives out, and the victuals somehow makes some one have queer spells, then the doctor gits for his bill, as the monkey said to the mosquitoes; then one of the hands takes his turn till he poisons the whole shootin' match of us by some unlucky stroke of mistakin' hoss med'cine for soda, or—"

"Still quoting the monkey, Clint?" put in some one coming up behind them. All turned to see a pleasant faced young man, some three or four years older than Clint, and from the resemblance of eyes and features, unmistakably, Clint's brother, although his face lacked the color that sunshine and wind paints, and his clothes were more fashionable and better fitting, while his tones bespoke culture. With a droll twist of his lips, Clint said:

"Why here's your lawyer right at hand, and as his office is close by, I'll leave you in his hands, as the monkey said to the fly he dropped into the spider's net."

Daisy laughed, but Maurice Scofield answered with a little frown:

"Clint, you make yourself ridiculous, and your monkey similes are far fetched." Then raising his hat to Mrs. Hartley and Daisy, he addressed Oscar:

"I am sure this is Oscar Hartley. I would know you by your resemblance to Thomas Hartley. This is my office. Clint, you may come in, also. It is likely that we will need your services after our interview." Maurice Scofield's face had taken on a grave expression as he said this, an expression that set even his own brother to wondering and sent a chill to Oscar's heart. It expressed loss in some way to him.

When the company were seated Clint taking a position on a dusty stove set back in a corner out of the way, the lawyer began, slowly and in hesitating manner:

"Had I known when I wrote the letter to you that which I know today relating to your uncle's estate, it is very likely that I could not have induced you to take the long trip up here, and perhaps to your ultimate loss. When I wrote you I did not so much as knew, the estate of your uncle, minus twenty acres set in fruit at one of its farthest corners, still belonged to whatever heirs its late owner left surviving him. Today, in looking over some deed records, I find a deed recorded by one Joshua Beam, your uncle's manager. This deed has been recorded very lately. It covers all the land possessed once by your uncle, and shows you that twenty acres had been sold off the estate just previous to Thomas Hartley's last trip north."

Mrs. Hartley put her hand to her heart. Daisy began to softly cry behind her handkerchief, but Oscar gave no sign that he had more than heard. To himself he was saying over and over: "It is nothing more than I expected."

The lawyer's eyes and tones were something deeper than mere helpless sympathy. He doggedly proceeded:

"This record came upon me with a shock. I believe it to be a forgery. In fact know so, and with your help will seek to prove it undoubtedly that. Joshua Beam's reputation in these parts will show up strongly for him. He is a quiet man, seemingly conscientious, a church worker, respected by many others besides your late uncle. Trusted by that man entirely too far. I would trust no man as he trusted Joshua Beam. He put temptation in his way."

"Forged a deed? Surely not? How could he do such a thing?" Oscar queried, his voice well under control to the lawyer's surprise. "The boy is game," he thought.

"His holding the deed back so long from record looks suspicious. You see it gave him good time to study best how to get up a new one. Thomas Hartley told me a few days before his departure that he had sold Beam twenty acres of fruit trees. When news of his death came to us I looked over the records to find this deed. It was not there. Beam was away then up and give an account of the personal property left by his late employer. He has pretended all along that Hartley is not dead, and everything must remain as it is until he is sure. The court is a fifth and has done some things. Beam knows that your uncle is dead, believes it fully, I am sure, although he makes believe that it was another than Thomas Hardley taken from the water. Of course, it might have been, but surely those people could not be so thoroughly mistaken."

"Had it been another than my uncle who was drowned he would have a right to think he would come home some time. How much did this Beam give for all the land?" Oscar asked.

"Sure he would," the lawyer retorted. "Twenty thousand dollars is on the record. Think of twenty thousand for all that scope of land. Why its worth at the lowest bid

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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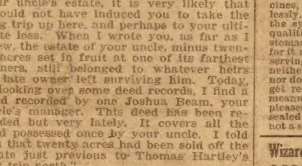

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Adrift on an Iceberg.

(Continued from page four.)

they must have had them blocks poised, ready to drop; an' when they had passed that point, they just dropped them. Yes, miss, the way was sure barred."

Drake flung up his doubled fists in passionate anger, being victim of blind, almost choking, rage.

"Outwitted!" he repeated in rumbling tones. "Long ago I said that perhaps they would tunnel through Castle Columbus from the other side, but I lay sleeping like a bear in its burrow and let them do it. Outwitted!"

He wound up with a roar that was surely bear-like, and then, in further wrath, dashed down the pistol he held.

"Sir," said Ruel quickly, let me take men and pursue—"

"Not an inch! I'm pretty well carried away aloft, but I see a few things clear enough. All depends upon what they have stolen. By some foot luck—It can't have been good judgment—I've had all our weapons kept at our elbow, and they can't have got them with the lookout on duty. Lively, men, and see how much they have taken!"

While this was being done Mary drew closer to Dorothy.

"This is all my fault!" she sighed, near the point of crying. "You heard that strange sound before we fell asleep—that tap, tap, tap, tapping; and tried to talk about it and reason about it, but I shut you off, treating it as not worthy of thought. The lookout was too remote to hear those villains at their drilling, but I—oh! dear!"

She was interrupted by the return of Ruel. He had fully recovered his equilibrium, and smiled lightly.

"No great damage done!" he announced. "They have got a quantity of our stores, but not enough to cripple us in the least. Ay, and they have not even got their own full share of anything, and absolutely nothing of certain necessaries."

"Sure?" demanded Drake.

"Absolutely sure, sir."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the skipper, all his temper vanishing. "I would not undo their work if I could. They have cast loose from us, taken food to suit themselves—or, at least, they've tried to—and now, by thunder! they may conduct their own business. We will have no more dealings with them, give them no more to eat, have nothing further to do with them. They have chosen to cast loose, and, by my toplights! they can look out for themselves after this."

"It seems to me," answered Ruel, "that they are badly beaten. Beyond doubt they had some desperate scheme in mind which required, first of all, that they get enough food to be independent of us. They now have the food—"

"Have they weapons?"

"No, we have the whole lot."

"Then what can they do against us?"

"A strong argument, sir, and I hope the reply is, nothing! We will hope so, but they may have a plan."

"Let them try it!" cried the captain, snapping his fingers. "In all wars like this, the party with muskets and pistols wins the game."

"Tom Minker has cut off his own nose!" scoffed Solon Wing.

"He missed by a hair's breadth," said Dorothy. "Suppose they had been given half an hour longer in that room? Jerry says it was the fall of a box, or some other article, that gave him the alarm. What if they had a little longer to carry off things?"

"They are not yet carried far away," exclaimed Ruel. "The bulk of their plunder must have been in their tunnel when we got wind of their game. If you will allow me, sir, we can go outside and shut off a part of their work, even now."

"Not an inch, I said!" Drake replied. "They have cut loose from us, and they can now care for themselves or starve."

It was his final decision, and it was so settled. He began to plan how to make the futur' in mind. It looks very queer."

"They did have a scheme, and have it still. The scheme is to kill us."

"But why, when there is food for all?"

"Ridiculous as it seems, I suspect that Minker plans to take the Dancing Peggy and her cargo of oil back to New Bedford."

"It ain't possible in nature, sir."

"Perhaps it is only the possession of the Peggy's boats he aims at."

"That's more likely. Them boats will carry our party or his, but not both. That's it. Lucky our cap'n was sharp enough to house them in out storeroom. Mr. Taylor, we shall hear from Minker again!"

"Most decidedly, we shall. War has been declared. We shall hear from him, and it will be no small trickery. The man intends to kill us!"

Returning to the refuge they found that Captain Drake already had plans under way to close up the tunnel. It was filled with outside ice and snow, thoroughly wet down with water, and, as they expected, the low temperature in the heart of Castle Columbus soon turned this into a solid mass. It was a help, but Drake relied more upon guards, and no hour passed from that time without watchers on duty in all parts of the refuge.

From that time the rival party kept carefully out of sight of Drake's men. Whatever scheme they had in mind clearly required delay and Minker probably remembered the weapons of the Peggys and thought it prudent not to meet their fire.

Other days passed, lengthening into weeks, the temperature grew steadily warmer, and the iceberg, fully adrift, cast off the company of smaller masses of like nature and moved its slow, stately way south. Gradually the outlying water became nearly clear of everything except a few accompanying bergs, none of which were hard by, and always it sought the warmer regions.

When far enough south it would melt and fall to pieces. The vital question was, what would then become of the whalers? Would they find a way of escape, or drown as helplessly as children?

Captain Drake still talked of hitching Arctic fowls to the ship and getting her afloat in that manner, but he did something else. With the hot sun as an aid he set his men to digging away the snow and ice just beyond the Peggy. He made no explanation, but, under his orders, a basin was formed like a bowl in shape.

"It means to make a lake an' get her into water," said Davy Weed to his mates.

"What good will that do when she ain't nigh the sea water?" asked Peter Barnes dubiously.

"Mates," interposed Jerry Boxx decidedly, "watch the skipper!"

They watched and dug, laboring with zeal, and created a little pond out of the melting ice, but the Peggy stood at one side until a certain morning when the first man astir, besides the lookouts, raised a great shout.

"Victim to the sun," explained Ruel.

marauders' tunnel safe against another foray, while, as the night was far spent, Ezekiel Trott started the preparation of breakfast. After the eating Ruel left the refuge to investigate. He had been pondering of the fact that the enemy had driven their excavation straight to the ice chambers, for he felt that it was a feat only to be handled by engineers, but when he entered at the other end he was less perplexed.

Beyond doubt Minker had been at work on the tunnel for weeks, and subject to various difficulties. Twice the excavation had been driven too far to one side, making a change in direction necessary, but he had persevered with tenacity worthy of a better object, and finally had found the way to the refuge.

"What determination must have been back of their work!" Ruel exclaimed to Jerry Boxx, who accompanied him. "Day after day they held to their purpose, and in cold that must have nearly frozen them to death!"

"Strikes me that fellers who was so full of stubborn pluck had a big scheme for the

"The old hooker is afloat!" he bellowed in great excitement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RUEL TURNS SPY.

The eventful morning had been preceded by two days of warm, driving rain that had filled the basin edge full, and it was no surprise that the Dancing Peggy was afloat.

"She took to the drink like a duck!" said one of the guards jubilantly. "Just lowered her bows like a swimmer goin' about a dive, an' then slipped away as fine as you please. You would be astonished to knew how little she scraped as she moved, which shows that the sun had made some slush under her keel."

"Oh! say, mate, you should have called all hands when she did it!" exclaimed Stephen Rand.

"Orders from Cap'n Drake was to do nothin', matey."

"No use to disturb the rest of the crew for what was bound to come," explained the skipper quietly. "Well, my bullies, how do you like the looks now?"

They responded with ringing cheers, and many of the men shook hands with each other. True, the ship was still on the top of the iceberg, and well away from salt water, but it was heartening to see her in her native element. This spurred their enthusiasm on for a time, but, secretly, most of their number were soon wondering why they had cheered. What they wanted was to have the Peggy in the sea, and it seemed impossible that she should ever leave the berg without making wreck.

"Left her moorings easy did she?" said Drake presently. "All very well, but let us be sure she has not started her butts nor opened any seams. Carpenter, board her and make sure she is right."

Davy Weed responded promptly and went about his work. Since the sun gained melting power great pains had been taken to keep water from getting below decks, the hatches being battened down, and they knew they had a dry bottom at last accounts. Thus, the examination would show whether a leak had appeared.

The battens were removed and the carpenter went below. He was long at his task, but when he came back his eyes were bright and his face smiling.

"Tight as a drum!" he exclaimed. "I can't find water anywhere, an' our seams are as close as you please."

"I expected it," said Drake calmly.

Nobody else did. The most sanguine of their number could not understand how the Peggy, so long frozen into the ice, could slip from her bed and stay melting her seam nor butt. Meeting with this good news the sailors had a fresh period of exhilaration, and the ship was petted like a living creature and floated about in the basin.

"But," muttered one of their number, "she ain't in the sea yet—not by a thunderin' sight!"

At this he was taken to task by his mates, nearly all of whom then and there resolved to be sanguine as long as the Peggy held her upper timbers to the keel.

Some hours afterwards Drake sent Ruel to the top of Castle Columbus to sweep the outlying waters with the glass, and Dorothy and Mary accompanied him. It was now less easy to climb the uplift than before, for the melting days past had left the way slippery, but they finally gained the summit and the mate used the glass.

"What do you see?" Mary impatiently asked, after a pause.

"The open sea, with nothing afloat except a few bergs like this."

"Not the ship than ours?—are you sure? Let me look!"

She snatched at the glass and leveled it with nautical skill. Like the mate she swept the water, but with no better results. It was as if they had the whole world to themselves.

"Bother the luck!" she exclaimed. "Oh! for some sail to break this Arctic dreariness!"

"Remember that we are drifting south, faint heart," said Dorothy cheerily, "and be comforted. The time will come that we shall sail in the track of ocean vessels—"

"You forget that this berg may melt away and drown us before we get there."

"In that case, we shall not put any ship to the bother of lying to and picking us up."

"All through the winter Ruel had exercised his skill at trying to instill hope of rescue into the minds of both girls and crew. He was now about to renew this hope, in which, really, he believed little, when Dorothy's quick eye caught something to one side.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "What's the matter with Cape Cod?"

This was the name they had given to an elevated point near the southern extremity of the berg, and all knew where to look. Something surely was there, but with the hundred feet of uplift mentioned.

"Why," Dorothy added, "it is dancing!"

"Glad to be getting nearer home!" exclaimed Mary, laughing.

"What do you make of it, Mr. Taylor?"

"Bless me! it's sinking!" Mary cried.

The hill had been trembling noticeably, and while they eyed it so closely it gave a final lurch and fell into deep water, sending up a spout of brine that washed the adjacent face of the great mass.

"Victim to the sun," explained Ruel concisely.

"So it has melted away, eh? Dear me, this is ominous! Are we to fall to pieces, convenient by fragment? Going to break up as the sun ripens, eh? Really, this is trying to the nerves!"

"All of our peaks are growing smaller," said Dorothy. "Westminster Abbey has lost its beautiful spires and shaft, and no longer charms the eye. Mount Hibernia is much small, even North Peak is decapitated, and only Mount Washington seems its old self. Why, when it tips the roof of Castle Columbus should fall in upon us! Is there danger of that, Mr. Taylor?"

"If so it will be much later. The castle stands firm to date, and if danger comes we can leave it. The ship, now open to the air, will presently be fit for occupancy."

"But about the iceberg in general." As much as we have talked about it we have not touched upon one important point—how much of the bulk of a berg did you say was supposed to be under water?"

"It is said that they sometimes descend over a thousand feet into the abyss of the ocean."

"And is it the portion under water that

(Continued on page eighteen.)

The Baffled Detective;

Or, THE SUN SAPPHIRE MYSTERY

By T. C. Harbaugh

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CHAPTER XIII.

A LITTLE CONFERENCE.

THE beautiful Miss Hobbs continued to be the talk of the social town; she was more talked about than the Saddlestone sapphire, but the reader must not believe that the theft of the gem had passed out of notice. Cumberford Saddlestone had by no means given up hopes of recovering the precious gem, but, as days passed, he became more than anxious. Juliette, the maid who had been arrested for complicity in the theft, was still under ban. Her future seemed ruined and the grip of the law seemed relentless.

It was late one beautiful afternoon when the Saddlestone equipage bowled into one of the fashionable parks. The single occupant lolled back in the cushioned seat and seemed to dreamily take in the luxurious surroundings. There were those in turn-outs as fine as the Saddlestone motor who stopped and gazed at the noted beauty, and then whispered among themselves that she was the elegant Miss Hobbs of Hobbs Castle, a being in whose veins ran blood as rich as the blood of all the Howards.

Althea seemed to take but little notice of the stir she was creating. Reposing languidly at her ease, she was driven from place to place, looking fairer than ever and evidently pleased with herself.

"That's the leddy," said a man who was seated with a companion on one of the settees embowered among the azaleas.

"Quite distinguished, eh, Davy?" remarked the other as he fell to watching the girl.

* * *

"Sure, John."

"What if I were to speak to her?"

"You?" exclaimed the other with a smile. "Why, you'd be likely to get her gloved hand in your face."

John Moon continued to inspect Althea a few moments longer and then rose to his feet.

"You're not going to try it, eh?"

"Why not?"

"Better not. There's a policeman in sight, and the Saddlestone scandal of such people!"

Miss Hobbs did not notice him till he had reached the side of the car when she turned and silently regarded him with an inquisitive face.

John Moon raised his hat differentially and stepped closer.

"Fine day for a spin?" said he with the slightest trace of sarcasm in his tones.

Miss Hobbs continued to gaze, but appeared to take no notice of the remark.

"I haven't had the pleasure of meeting you since you came over," continued Moon. "I hear you've been having a roaring time; you've set the town wild, and—"

Althea leaned toward the man and centered him with her gaze.

"Pardon me, sir," said she, raising her voice a trifle, "I do not know you."

"No?" grinned Moon irritatingly. "I don't blame you for having lapses of memory since you came across."

Blood mantled to Althea's cheeks and colored them.

"You will have to explain," said she, looking him over from head to foot." This is a strange meetin. I—"

"Let me enlighten you," broke in John Moon. "We haven't met since the Walleford affair."

"Since—"

The beautiful Miss Hobbs paused and did not complete her sentence.

"Don't you recollect?" Moon went on. "It was the night of the sixth and there was a little excitement afterwards."

"Come!" cried Miss Hobbs. "What are you aiming at?"

"Why, bless you, I'm John Moon."

As though a light had broken in upon her the face of the girl in the car went white. She glanced at the chauffeur, but the hand of John Moon fell upon her arm.

"Don't," he said in low but commanding tones. "I won't keep you long. Of course I can't get beyond the door of the Saddlestone palace, hence I've got to see you elsewhere."

Althea's voice dropped almost to a whisper.

"This is not the place for an interview," and then she raised her voice. "I don't know you and I won't be stopped by a stranger."

Moon understood and fell back.

The English girl hastily tore a leaf from her pearl-covered memorandum and scrawled a few words on it. Then she thrust the leaf into the man's hands and ordered the chauffeur to proceed.

"What did you get?" anxiously asked Moon's companion when he rejoined him.

John Moon exhibited the leaf triumphantly.

"I got this," said he, and both men bent over the writing which ran as follows:

"At Sartello's at six."

"Now she didn't give you that, John?" exclaimed Davy.

"She gave me nothing less, wrote it with her own sweet hand."

"And you're going to be at Sartello's?"

"I'm going to be nowhere else."

John Moon pocketed the paper and strode away.

An hour later he might have been seen entering a famous cafe known as "Sartello's" and upon looking around he discovered a young woman dressed in unadorned black occupying a seat in one of the most obscured corners.

In another moment he was beside her and Althea turned upon him the full light of her wondrous eyes.

"I'm here," said John Moon. "That was a funny way you served Mag."

A faint smile gathered at Althea's lips.

"What did she do that for and there of all places in the world?" she exclaimed.

"We couldn't hold Mag back; it was impossible. Jasper tried, but it was no go."

"What else could I do but deny her?" flashed Miss Hobbs. "There I was, the guest of the evening and every eye was upon me."

"It was a trying situation, no doubt," grinned Moon. "I don't know but you did right."

"And how did Mag take it? They let her go, of course?"

"They couldn't hold her, you know. Why, Mag's been laughing over it ever since. She regrets that she was nipped before the wine came round for Mag's fond of good vintage."

Althea bowed and smiled.

"I guess it didn't get into the papers?" she said with some solicitude.

"I haven't seen it there," laughed John Moon. "But I hear that the banker is sweet on you?"

"On me? The banker—"

"Yes; Syndey Boswell, the king of the market," and Moon leaned back and chuckled. "By the way, my dear, you haven't worn the sapphire yet?"

"No, and I'm not likely to since it's been cribbed."

"By the man whom the girl let into the house that night?"

"Yes."

"The whole thing is funny now, ain't it?" queried John Moon. "If Sally the locksmith wasn't as dead as a herring, we might believe that he was the person whom the maid let into the house. There's a good reward for the sapphire."

"It's just like Cumberford," smiled Althea, pulling at her glove. "He's got Captain Sharp on the trail—"

"Cap. Sharp?" cried John Moon with a grimace. "That means something."

"If he is the shrewd man they say he is it does. But John—"

It was the first time Miss Hobbs had addressed him in such familiar terms and it warmed the cockles of his heart.

"What is it, my dear?" he exclaimed.

"In the first place, you must keep Mag at a distance," said Althea solemnly.

"I think we can do this."

"Secondly, you must not know me on the street, or elsewhere. Do you need anything?"

"Not much," answered John Moon, slyly. "But let me contribute a mite," and Althea gracefully drew her purse and counted out several large bills which she pushed across the table.

"I wish you luck with Boswell," said he, looking far into Althea's face.

"Come now," said she, "you don't think I'm going to make a conquest."

"But he's worth it," grinned Moon. "We've looked at his rating my dear girl, and it's immense."

"But John—"

"I understand. We're to keep Mag out of sight, eh?"

"Yes, John."

"I understand the lay perfectly. Mag's a little obstreperous, but we'll hold her in leash."

Althea pulled again at her glove and rose to go. John Moon watched her figure till it vanished and then he fell back with a broad grin on his face.

"Never another like her is all this world!" he soliloquized. "If she wasn't playing for big game I'd try for her myself," and with this he ordered a drink and smacked his lips over it.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BOLT.

In another part of the city at this same hour Cumberford Saddlestone and his friend Boswell were closeted in the office of the owner of the wonderful sapphire.

"I've been doubly robbed," said Cumberford with vehemence as he brought his clenched hand down upon the table.

"What, another gem this time?"

"No, I've been robbed of something more precious."

Boswell, the banker, fell back and gazed with consternation into Cumberford's face. It was quite white and the hand that rested on the table trembled like a leaf.

"You don't happen to know one Jasper Nahant?" continued Cumberford, at which his companion shook his head.

"Well, I want to trap that villain," Cumberford went on. "He is the one man I want just now."

"You say he's robbed you?"

"Yes."

"But has no hand in the theft of the sapphire?"

"I'm sure he had no hand in that," Cumberford answered. "He has in his possession a paper which I must have."

"Oh!" exclaimed Boswell. "I see. You have been robbed of a valuable document?"

"That's it. You employ detectives at times, don't you, Boswell?"

"Some and the best the city affords."

"That's it!" cried Saddlestone. "I want to use your men. I want my papers back. I don't care how they get them. If they kill Jasper Nahant in getting them they shall go unhung. I must have those papers," and he leaned towards Boswell with his face drawn and his eyes blazing with excitement.

"You can count on me, Cumberford," said Boswell.

"And I'll more than return the compliment," cried Saddlestone. "I'll help you just where you need help right now."

"A thousand thanks, Saddlestone," and Boswell's hand came across the table and seized Cumberford's. "It's a bargain?"

"Between man and man," said Saddlestone. "Get my papers and I'll see that you win the elegant Miss Hobbs."

Sydney Boswell rose and buttoned his coat.

"Jasper Nahant, eh?" he said, looking

(Continued on page twelve.)

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ATULENCY OR WIND ON STOMACH

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is most serious condition is very pre-nt and results most distressingly and ly oftentimes. The stomach in cases atulency is unable to digest the food erly. Decay sets in, gases form, ex- the stomach, force their way down- d into the bowels, and if not relieved it nds upward pressing against the lungs, r and heart, causing shortness of breath, hing, foul odors and many times sudden th.

oods which are filled with gases, when en into a deranged stomach cause ulency rapidly, vegetables being especi- given to this quality. Against such a dition the stomach can do but little. ause these foul and poisonous gases ct its glands, muscles and tissues to h a degree as to incapacitate it almost at e.

hese gases distend the stomach in all ctions, preventing the contracting mus- from doing their regular duties, or if y do force the gas from the stomach it s elsewhere in the system with even e harassing results, and then the de- ing mass still remains to generate more es.

he most effective method for allaying ulency is to remove the cause of gas ting. An emetic will do this but the ill have the same trouble the new food enters it.

s Dyspepsia Tablets get at gas once, digest it, prevent decay, quick- roduce food to nourishment, make good gastric fluid and pass the digested d to the intestines, giving the stomach rest and the system its nourishment. atulency simply cannot exist where these le tablets are used. They build up the mach fluids so that it matters not how ny vegetables you eat or food containing antities of gas, the stomach does its rk well and quickly.

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An Alarming If.

Three scientific men from an Eastern ege visited a certain Montana mine. On e ascent by means of the usual bucket e professor thought he noticed a weakness in the rope by which the cket was suspended.

"How often," he inquired of the attend- t, "do you change these ropes?"

"Every three months," carelessly replied other. Then he added thoughtfully: 'this must have been forgotten. We must change it today—if we get up."

Heard on a Rainy Day.

He (tired of dodging)—Would you marry one-eyed man?

She—Good gracious, no!

He—Then let me carry your umbrella.

FREE ASTHMA CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 116 Lane Building, St. Mary's, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one tak- ing the treatment is to be the judge.

A Rude Question.

She was from Boston; he from Okla- oma. "You have traveled a great deal in he West, have you not, Miss Bacon?"

"Oh, yes indeed—in California and Ari- ona and even in New Mexico."

"And did you ever see the Cherokee trip?"

There was a painful silence, but finally she looked over her glasses at him and said:

"Sir, I deem your question exceedingly rude."

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Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food re- moves every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 671, Blairsville, Pa.

A Mean Steal.

Neighbor—My! My! So the story is true, and your husband has really eloped with the servant girl?

Deserted Wife (weeping)—Yes, and she was the best girl I ever had, too—a perfect- ly lovely cook, and so quiet and respectful. Dear knows where I'll be able to get an- other.

A Chance to Make Money

Yes, elegant Free Homesteads adjoining valuable land, from which very fine bananas are now being sold, can still be had in Mexico. You need not go to Mexico, but must have five acres of bananas planted within five years. Address The Jahtha Plantation Co., Block 593, Pittsburg, Pa.; they will plant and care for your bananas on shares, so you should make a thousand dollars a year. Bananas begin bearing in about 15 months, bringing the quickest re- turns of any fruit growing. The climate is delightful and the health conditions good. Should any reader desire to procure a Homestead, apply immediately.

When Duty Calls.

"Last week," replied the sad-faced passenger, "all my furniture was destroyed because of a false alarm of fire at my home."

"But," queried a fellow-traveler, "how could it be destroyed if there was no fire?"

"You see," explained the s. f. p., "I live in a village that boasts of a volunteer fire department."

An Agreeable Innovation.

He—So Kate believes in women voting and being elected to political office the same as men?

She—Yes, and she says she would have the hand-shaking by constituents changed to kissing.

Clever.

"Mrs. Pufferly is tickled to death with the way she fooled the customs inspectors."

"How did she do it?"

"She didn't buy a thing abroad."

Rural Tact.

Constable Ezry Filkins—'Rumors want- ed,' eh. By spruce, that's a rumor aroun' our villege that Hen Haskins is a-goin' tew git hitched up tew Widder Weaver; so I guess I'll jest go in an' give 'em thet bit o' news, an' mebbe I kin git the price o' my trip daown here fer it.

Value of Education.

Mrs. Oatcake—Did yore darter larn en- nything up tew boardin' school?

Mrs. Hayrix—She shore did. She larn'd tew 'preciate th' kind uv board she gits tew home.

It Worried Him.

"Booker is awfully narrow, isn't he?"

"Narrow isn't the name for it. Say, he asked me yesterday if I believed Santa Claus belonged to any church."

Not at All Discouraged.

"Who is the vivacious woman in black?"

"That is Mrs. Pipper. She has lost four husbands."

"She looks like a cheerful loser."

His Share.

"I wish you would tear a little piece off the corner of one of those bills in your pay envelope," she said, as her husband passed over his wages to her.

"Why, dear?" he asked with some sur- prise.

"Because I don't want you to be able to say that I get all your money!"

THE TRUE VERSION.

"It was in the home childhood of
Our nation's great defender
His pa did plant a cherry tree
With loving hands and tender.

It was the apple of his eye
(Although it was a cherry),
And to his friends he talked of it
Till they grew weary, very.

Said he: "It well repays its
But I must say that tree requires
A lot of work to raise it."

"Well, then," said George, "I'm glad to say
You're saved from further bother,
For I, this morning razed it with
My little hatchet, father."

Sensitive Thespian.

"Where is the leading man?" demanded the excited manager after the first act.

"He is too sensitive," responded the comedian.

"Too sensitive?"

"Yes, he heard the steam pipes hissing and wouldn't go on."

Saving Time.

"What show shall we take in tonight, wife?"

"I'll try to make up my mind between now and dinner."

"Make up your complexion at the same time; will you?"

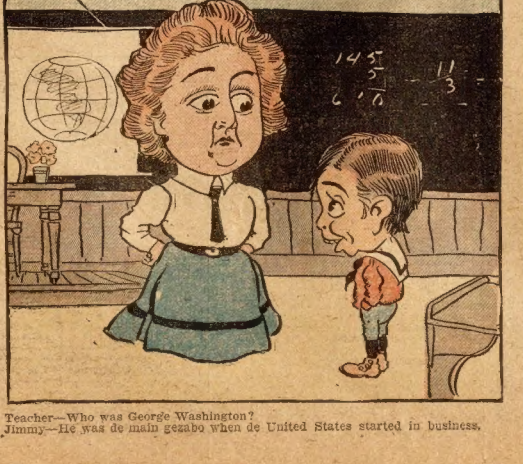
No Gossip.

"Our new neighbor must be a very suspicious character,"

"Why so."

"She employs a maid who is deaf and dumb, the mean thing."

HIS IDEA.



Teacher—Who was George Washington?
Jimmy—He was de main gezabo when de United States started in business.

HEREDITY

Can Be Overcome in Cases.

The influence of heredity cannot, of course, be successfully disputed, but it can be minimized or entirely overcome in some cases by correct food and drink. A Conn. lady says:

"For years while I was a coffee drinker I suffered from bilious attacks of great severity, from which I used to emerge as white as a ghost and very weak. Our family physician gave me various prescrip- tions for improving the digestion and stim- ulating the liver, which I tried faithfully but without perceptible result.

"He was acquainted with my family his- tory for several generations back, and once when I visited him he said: 'If you have inherited one of those torpid livers you may always suffer more or less from its inaction. We can't dodge our inheritance, you know.'

"I was not so strong a believer in hered- ity as he was, however, and, beginning to think for myself, I concluded to stop drink- ing coffee, and see what effect that would have. I feared it would be a severe trial to give it up, but when I took Postum and had it well made, it completely filled my need for a hot beverage and I grew very fond of it.

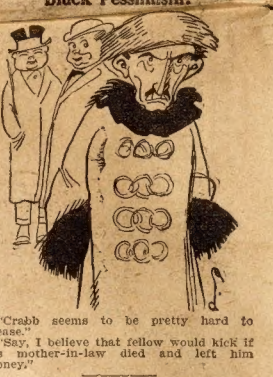
"I have used Postum for three years, using no medicine. During all that time I have had absolutely none of the bilious at- tacks that I used to suffer from, and I have been entirely free from the pain and debil- itating effects that used to result from them.

"The change is surely very great, and I am compelled to give Postum the ex- clusive credit for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

Black Pessimism.



"Crabb seems to be pretty hard to please."

"Say, I believe that fellow would kick if his mother-in-law died and left him money."

A Shrewd Scot.

The Scotchman could not find his ticket. On the conductor's second round it was still missing.

"What's in your mouth?" he asked.

Sure enough, there was the missing ticket. The conductor punched it and went his way.

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, in reply to his fellow passengers' banter, "I'm nae so ab- sent-minded as ye think. Yon was a very auld ticket, and I was jist suckin' aff the date."

Couldn't Stand Exposure.

The member of the Legislature of whom some graft stories had been circulated was about to build a house.

"You will want a southern exposure, I suppose?" asked the architect.

"No, sir!" said the man. "If you can't build this house without any exposure, I'll get another architect."

A Fatal Wrench.

"I see where a man walked into an Indiana newspaper office, paid his sub- scription and dropped dead on the editor's desk."

"That shows how some people hate to part with a dollar."

The Infant Terrible.

Young Man—So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?

Small Brother—Nobody ain't come yet, but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her.

Currying No Favor.

"Lend a hand, Hiram, and help ketch the selectman's pig."

"Let the selectman ketch his own pig. I'm out of politics fer good."

TACKLES

They Would Attend to That.

"Every man in my congregation should pray to be kept humble and poor!" thundered the minister.

"I don't need to," piped up a little man in a front pew.

"And why is it unnecessary for you to pray to be kept humble and poor?" shouted the minister.

"I live with my wife's folks."

A Bond of Sympathy.

Tramp (to lady of the house)—Is that your husband goin' down the street?

Lady—Yes.

Tramp—I knew then that you will not be averse to some slight bond between us when I tell you that I asked to wash the dishes.

His Discovery.

Geo[illegible] Meeker used to be[illegible] that he had a mind of his own, but he never does[illegible] any more.

[illegible] That's right. Sam[illegible] his marriage he discovered a lot of it in the attic.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

As the world hurls on through space
With all of its load of fun,
Who manage to get [illegible] the stage
Is the cause of the rise to the curtain.

A USEFUL GIFT.

"Kind lady, I'm just merely trying to keep
Soul and body together!"—He did look thin;
But the lady did neither smile nor weep,
As she handed the tramp a safety pin.

Tact.

The [illegible] was having a deal of [illegible] the shoe on; and after [illegible] said that a different one

[illegible] You need a larger size," he [illegible]

[illegible] you could wear a more shapely [illegible] she said.

Thought in Vain.

"Do [illegible] you ever try the advice—think before you [illegible] a girl asked a young man to at[illegible] afternoon tea.

"Oh, [illegible] often," he replied.

"And how did it work?" she asked.

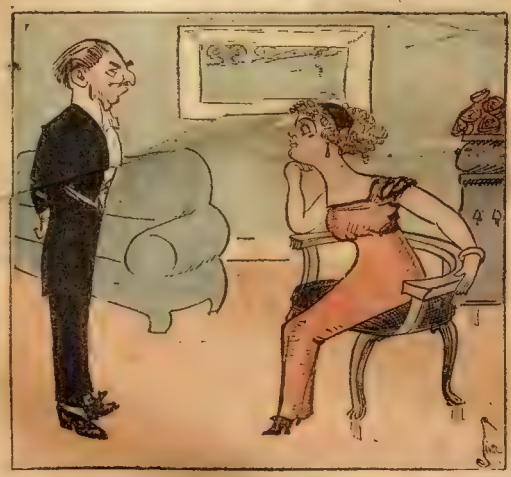
"I forgot what I was going to say," he answered.

Another Martyr.

His Wife—This paper tells of a woman who suffered two weeks from the effects of a mesquito bite.

Her Husband—That's nothing. I know a man who has suffered for years from the effects of a henpeck.

CERTAINLY A BEAUTY.



The Maid—It's no use, Mr. Snobleigh, I wouldn't marry the handsomest man alive.

Snobleigh—Well, [illegible] now, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has asked you.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss.

"He married the girl he first saw drying her hair in her back yard."

"Love at first sight, eh?"

"Not much; he never knew it was the same girl."

After Shopping.

"So you're home, my dear? Why, you have been away the best part of the day. Aren't you tired?"

"Tired! I'm like my last cent—I'm just spent."

A Distinction.

"You were no spring chicken when I married you!" shouted the husband.

"No, but I was a goose," she answered disdainfully.

His Preference.

"Would you like a chance to earn an honest living?" asked the old farmer.

"No, thank'y," answered the husky hobo. "I'm looking for a perlitical job."

History of Washington.

George was puzzled with his sums,
His cranium throbbed and bumped;
"This question is too hard for me,
I must confess I'm stumped."

And on the farm his father [illegible]
To this conclusion jumped—
The cherry tree was not blown down,
By George it was stumped.

And once when he essayed to smoke,
My! how his head did tumble,
So he soon killed the cherry tree,
He knew away the stump.

THAT CHERRY TREE AFFAIR.

G. Washington—Whew! I hate to tackle this job, but I've got to break into the history books somewhere.

A Composer in Peril.

C. T. at Cowboy (after a soul-wearying performance by pretty hostess—Er—what was that you just played?

Miss Pianothumpp—"Impromptu No. 976," by Poundowhiskl. Did you like it?

Gallant Cowboy (with an effort)—Oh, yes, very, very nice of it, as you play it—yes, indeed. I was entranced by your—er—how to call it, you know. But if I ever catch that composer, I'll shoot him.

Another Kind.

Silas—I heerd you bo't a gold brick when you was [illegible] the city last week. How erbout it, Hiram?

Hiram—I reckon you heerin' ain't ez good ez [illegible] by [illegible]. I'll [illegible] I bo't a brick, by [illegible]!

NOT THE SAME THING.

Thus spake the busy milliner:
"From experience I find,
That a hat off a woman's head
May still be on her mind."

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Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1895, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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[illegible]

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GENTLE JABS.

Better a spoiled child than a fresh man.

A long head usually contains a short tongue.

Government ownership of brains might help some.

And the higher people fly the colder the atmosphere.

A funny story gets more attention than sensible talk.

If a girl has red hair she expects you to call it golden.

Only a fighter or a runner can afford to call a man a liar.

Even when times are hard some people have soft snaps.

Usually a very rich man has more friends than he needs.

And many a man who is pound foolish isn't even penny wise.

Beware of a woman who is unable to get enthusiastic over a baby.

Some people are too fresh—but the same thing can't be said of eggs.

It's difficult to secure a welcome that is guaranteed not to wear out.

How one woman must hate another when she speaks of her as "that thing."

In making love or playing cards, much depends upon the hands you hold.

You can't administer punishment and forgiveness at the same time.

You may lead a hen to an incubator, but you can't make her shell out.

How would you like an unbossed and lobbyless Legislature for a change?

It is better to have your money at work than loafing in a safe-deposit vault.

Circumstances alter cases for much less than a lawyer will undertake to do it.

You can size a man up pretty well from his definition of the word "pleasure."

Wisdom may be gained from books, but real knowledge is gained from experience.

If you want honest criticism of anything you do, tell your friends it is the work of another.

A man never realizes what a remarkable memory he has until he tries to forget something.

Anyway, after exploring the interior of the whale Mr. Jonah didn't go around lecturing about it.

A man who appears to some to be spoiling for a fight may impress others as being entirely too fresh.

According to law a widow is entitled to her third—but she usually has to hustle for him, just as she did for her first and second.

Gossips say a homely girl is too unattractive to catch a husband, but if she does manage to get one they say she jumped at the first chance.

Before marriage a man feels unworthy of his sweetheart, but after marriage he acts as if he had done her a great favor in "ing her to the altar.

The Baffled Detective.

(Continued from page nine.)

down upon Cumberford. "What sort of a man is he?"

In a few words Cumberford described the cool-headed man who had secured his signature to a certain paper.

"I don't know where you'll find him," he concluded. "Just now he's not living in a palace; he never did that but once and then he got barricaded out of it for Botany Bay. That was years ago. He did his time and is breathing free air once more. Jasper Nahant is the man I want; no, not the man himself but the papers he's got."

"I understand," said Boswell. "You shall have the papers."

Cumberford sprang up and grasped Boswell's hand.

"I'll keep my part of the compact!" he exclaimed. "The papers for me and Miss Hobbs for you."

"By the way, Cumberford," said Boswell, as if a certain thought had just flashed across his mind. "What is the beautiful Althea worth?"

"I'll be fair with you, Boswell," was the reply. "Just now she is not a great heiress. Hobbs Castle is entailed. The time may come when Althea will be an heiress worth picking up. I'm no prospector, Boswell, but I'll tell you all I know."

"Bring it all," cried Boswell, "she's worth picking up now. I'm no prospector, either."

"I know that. Soldier comes of good stock. She can trace her line back to—"

"I don't care how far, Cumberford," in Boswell, "I'm not crazy on the pedigree idea. I don't think it if her ancestors have been knights of the road."

Cumberford started a little at Boswell's sneer.

"Not quite a legitimate calling in the old days, you know," said he.

"Yes, I know."

Boswell was about to depart when the front door of dainty skirts was heard beyond the door and a light rap sounded on the ears of the two gentlemen.

"May I come in?" said a sweet voice.

"Come in, dear," responded Cumberford, and the next instant the door swung open to admit the beautiful creature just under discussion.

Miss Hobbs had never looked so radiant. Splendidly gowned, she looked the perfection of grace and loveliness and Boswell gasped with admiration as he bowed to her.

"I've just come from a spin in the park," she exclaimed, glancing from Cumberford to the breathless banker. "How lovely your American parks are. They remind me of St. James. And Mr. Boswell! I am delighted."

She held out her hand which the banker grasped and could hardly resist the impulse of raising it to his lip.

"The car is at the door," she went on, addressing Cumberford. "Are you going home with me?"

"I am detained here for another hour," said Saddlestone. "Perhaps Mr. Boswell might show you some parts of the city you have not seen."

"Would you be so kind, Mr. Boswell?" cried Miss Hobbs, turning upon the banker. "I would give me the greatest of pleasure," was the reply.

"I shall return for you, Cumberford," she exclaimed. "In an hour, you say."

"Yes, my dear."

Cumberford Saddlestone leaned back in his chair when the couple had departed and rubbed his hand gleefully.

"I fancy I can carry out my part of the bargain easier than Boswell can. He" he said. "The dear girl is easily caught and Boswell has the golden bait that catches fair flies nowadays."

At the end of an hour his door was thrown open and Miss Hobbs flashed into the room like a sunbeam.

Mr. Boswell is just elegant," she exclaimed, as she dropped into a chair. "Are all you Americans as clever as he?"

"We are noted for our cleverness," answered Cumberford, watching her flushed face narrowly. "I'm glad you found him entertaining."

"He was delightfully so," was the exclamation. "We had a splendid bit at the Imperial and looked into the Musee. But I must ask you, Cumberford. What success are you having with the lost sapphire?"

"Captain Sharp hasn't reported for a little while. We haven't succeeded yet in making the maid, Drosser, talk."

"Then, you think the girl knows something?"

"There's not the slightest doubt of it."

"I begin to think so myself," said Althea. "At first, you know, I was inclined to think her innocent, but—"

"I told you would come to my way of thinking," put in Cumberford, politely.

"But what does Captain Sharp think?"

"He is a man of silence. I don't know what he thinks. I know that he is always successful, and that is why I have confidence in him. You have met him, I believe?"

"Casually," observed Althea. "I have a horror of detectives. If one could only get along without them it would make life worth living."

"I quite agree with you, my dear child," responded Cumberford. "But without them I fear we would never again see the sapphire."

"Perhaps not."

"I am arranging for an opera party tomorrow night," said Cumberford.

Miss Hobbs clapped her hands with unalloyed pleasure.

"I shall be delighted. You have the party already made up?"

"Yes. It is a small party. It consists of yourself, Eudosia, myself and—need I name the fourth member?"

"I think not!" cried Althea, flushing. "Is the fourth member Mr. Boswell?"

"Mr. Sydney Boswell," responded Cumberford. "You see I am consulting your happiness."

Althea rose and approaching Cumberford threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. He colored deeply.

The following moment footsteps approached the door and Cumberford, hastily disengaging himself from his desirable coils, looked sternly towards the portal.

It opened to admit a messenger boy who extended an envelope towards the owner of the Saddlestone sapphire.

Cumberford turning round tore open the envelope and jerked forth its contents.

In another instant his face lost every vestige of color and he staggered towards his chair. Clutching it fiercely, he lowered his body into it to the unspoken consternation of Miss Hobbs. His hand clutched the message which had startled him.

"What is it, my dear?" cried Althea, springing forward, but Cumberford with a gasp waved her off.

"A sudden fall in stocks," he cried, looking up into her solicitous face. "We money kings are sometimes subjected to such flurries and they mean much—for awhile."

But his face gave the direct lie to his words. Miss Hobbs continued to stare blankly, not at his face, but at the crushed paper on the table.

"I must leave you, my dear, but I'll be with you again this afternoon. Good-by for a little while."

"I believe for the old world tomorrow. Good-by and good luck.

"JASPER NAHANT."

Horrors! Boswell would fail in his mission.

CHAPTER XV.
MAKES ANOTHER CALL.

Despite the power of Cumberford Saddlestone the iron doors opened unexpectedly to Juliette Dresser. The girl did not know how her release had been brought about, but one afternoon she was led into the light of freedom and told to go. Of course she credited her lover, Cushman King, with her unexpected liberation, but that young man really had but little to do with it.

Captain Sharp smiled when he heard that the grated doors no longer kept Juliette in thrall and immediately after receiving her freedom the girl made her way to the humble lodgings she had once before occupied, secure in the belief that her innocence had been clearly established.

The next day she was surprised to hear a visitor outside her door, and upon opening it in response to the knock she came face to face with a woman.

"Why, Mag," said Juliette's visitor, stepping forward, "I—I—I—"

"Thank heaven, I am in time," was the reply, as a stranger unceremoniously pushed herself into the room and smile lit up the maid's countenance.

"I'm glad of it. By the way, I have introduced myself. I am Miss Hobbs' [illegible] son, formerly of England."

"We have never met before."

"That is true, and but for what has happened within the last few days we might be strangers still. Of course, my dear, you didn't help take the sapphire."

"Why should I?" cried Juliette, flushing. "I am no thief."

The woman's manner had stung her to the quick.

"I beg pardon; I meant no harm," responded Mag quickly, for the girl's visitor was really our old acquaintance of Tinplate alley. "I never you never helped take it from the first, but my dear old friend Cumberford had other notions."

"I don't believe he thought me guilty at the time," Juliette retorted. "He had to find a victim somewhere."

"That's just it, my dear."

"But now Mr. Saddlestone, then?"

"An acquaintance of other days, though I'm not liking for me just now. Why, bless you, my child, they ejected me from his house the other night and that before I had a chance to moisten my lips with his rare wines. Ha! ha! there's irony for you, and a lip, you know."

"Miss Hobbs took the theft of the sapphire greatly to heart," the girl remarked. "She was quite overcome."

"Yes, fainted, I learn, and fell into Mr. Boswell's arms. There are times in a woman's life when she knows just when to swoon," and again tossing her head Mag leaned back in the chair and laughed merrily.

In another moment she was on her feet once more.

"I must leave you," she exclaimed. "I just dropped in to congratulate you upon getting into the light of freedom once more. Those cells must be wearisome."

"A prison cell is not a parade," said Juliette bitterly as she recalled her late experience. "I thank you for your call. May we not meet again."

"That depends," Mag answered, moving towards the door. "I'll see, I'll see, you know."

"I wouldn't have thought so," said Juliette in the nature of a compliment.

"I'd really ask you to call if I were fixed so as to entertain you. I hope to move one

"Well, socially considered, Boswell is a capital catch," put in the Queen of Tinplate alley. "But, by the way, my dear, you heard nor saw nothing out of the way the night the sapphire disappeared?"

"I did not."

"No sounds of any kind?"

"Not a sound. You must remember that my room is remote from the [illegible] apartment."

"Exactly. They tell me that Cumberford had a double lock on the door."

"So I have heard."

"If I mistake not it was made by the great and only Lally."

"I have heard that whispered among the servants."

"Yes," said Mag, brushing her dress. "The great Lally [illegible] Cumberford got in and out. Lally were the only ones who knew the secret of the two locks."

"I don't know," said Juliette wearily.

"Then how would you [illegible]" cried Mag, "where would you be [illegible]"

Juliette thought for a moment. Was this strange woman trying to trap her?

"Honest now, wouldn't you naturally think that Lally had a hand in the crime?"

"I had not thought of that."

"No, of course not. But doesn't it look reasonable? Of course no one would accuse Cumberford of stealing his own jewel."

"That would look preposterous."

"Yes. Then, if no one could open the doors but Cumberford and Lally, and Cumberford didn't what would you think?"

"I see!" cried Juliette. "You would lead me to believe that Mr. Lally had a hand in the affair."

"He might have had but for one thing," said Mag.

"What is that?"

The maid started and fixed her gaze on her visitor who was [illegible] smoothing her shawl.

"Lally is dead," repeated Mag with a grimace. "Therefore, he could never have taken the jewel."

"That is conclusive evidence," Juliette replied.

"To be sure it is, my dear."

"Then, who and [illegible] sapphire?"

[illegible] looked [illegible] the room to [illegible] mirror hung. Before it she arranged her pills and observed her reflection on the polished surface. Juliette watched her in silence.

"It is a funny mystery all around," Mag suddenly continued, whirling upon the girl. "They'll get at it one of these fine days. You see I've eliminated Cumberford and Lally. They're out of the question. And no one was on to the combination but these two."

"It is a very dark mystery," Juliette said. "I don't believe they will ever get to the bottom of it."

"I looks so," observed Mag. "I don't [illegible] Althea her coming conquest?"

"Not at all," replied Juliette. She is welcome to make what conquests she can."

"Well," cried Mag with an impish toss of her head, "for one I shan't get a bid to the wedding."

"We are on the same plane, then," smiled the maid.

"Not the clever Miss Hobbs in the country," laughed Juliette's visitor. "She was to have worn the sapphire at the coronation here, but a third comes in. Ha! ha! but there, you've a cup and lip, you know."

"Miss Hobbs took the theft of the sapphire greatly to heart," the girl remarked. "She was quite overcome."

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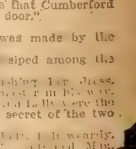
Married Misery



People often rely on nature unaided to correct evil but it doesn't. One aim of *corrective medicine* should be to do away with married unhappiness. At the bottom of a deal of misery is found lack of cheerful yielding. Mean selfishness is as surely due to ill-health as famine is to failure. Ungovernable temper—a third fault—is *largely the outcome of stomach disorder.* All these causes disappear when stomach and liver are keyed to a finely balanced tone. The first sign of on-coming Biliousness, Indigestion or Headache, should suggest old Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. *No other known medicine* contains so *complete a curing-power* for disordered stomach and torpid liver—'Twill avert many a conflict between man and woman.

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Constipation is always aggravating. A costive person is hardly fit to associate with—while free and easy bowel action tends to make the grouchy grumbler a cheerful optimist, lovable and full of hope. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, taken now and then, move bowels gently once a day. That's enough.

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Why despair, if FITS or Epilepsy have failed; send at once for a free trial bottle of my Infallible Remedy. I have made this disease a life-long study, and guarantee my remedy will relieve the worst cases. Thousands of hopeless cases have been cured. Give express and P. O. address. Dr. H. E. PEARCE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

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Why not have a private income all your own coming in? We want one lady in every town to introduce the above remarkable preparations. Big money and steady work. Address SEMPRE GIOVINE preparations on the market. Write for our most liberal offer. Write today. Address personally—

Mrs. J. C. Carr, Pres., Mariette Stanley Co.
48 Fourth Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

"What is your mission here?"

Juliette K[illegible] determined.

What do you w[illegible] demanded the owner of the sapphire. I do not care to be disturbed just now.

"You certainly look it," replied Cushman, with a smile. "I have come to tell you that which you may know and to add a few words which I cannot keep back."

There was no reply to these words. Cumberford was watching young King like a cat.

In the first place, Juliette is out of durance, no thanks to you. Secondly, I want you to know that a low reptile who should look [illegible] that you and a low reptile who should be crushed under every honest heel in this land. Men of your stamp should not be permitted to breathe the pure air of heaven. You should have disgraced the girl for life; you would have wealth you would have possessed it by [illegible] ruin. You have reduced her guilty of complicity in the abduction with the missing jewel. You are a golden viper, Cumberford Saddlestone, as dangerous to society as is the rattlesnake to common humanity. Juliette is innocent and your conscience told you so all the time. It was a victim you needed and in [illegible] found one. I intend to see that you [illegible] to evil if by that [illegible] I who, if he had his just [illegible] now be looking out upon a [illegible] through bars of iron."

[illegible] of the millionaire grew deathly [illegible] hands clutched the arms of the [illegible] they would burn [illegible] the wood itself.

"[illegible]ce," he finally stuttered. "I am [illegible] here, though alone.

"I know. You have minions of your own [illegible]neath this roof," continued Cushman. "I [illegible] you have but to touch that bell [illegible] and to summon the whole rascally [illegible] to the rescue. What that [illegible] I ought to leave the mark of honest [illegible] on your face, I would cash- [illegible] I think of your [illegible] I have [illegible] you [illegible] to the [illegible] of all the liars you [illegible] I [illegible] insulted in [illegible] scoundrel. [illegible] remost at [illegible]

[illegible] Juliette [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

We want to send you a trial order of HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY on our guarantee it will please you—or it will not cost you one cent.

THAT guarantee is as fair and square as we know how to make it. Send us your order for four quarts of this magnificent Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey. When it arrives—TRY IT—and if you don't find it all we claim and up to your highest expectations in every way—send it back at our expense—and we will return every cent of your money.

LET us prove our claim to you. Let us show you what a magnificent quality we are producing. Let us convince you of the really great saving our "DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY" plan of selling means to you.

Remember, you take no chances. We take all the risk—and we stand all the expense if we fail to please you.

No Letter is necessary—

Cut Out and use this Coupon and address our nearest office

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.
Enclosed is $3.20 for which send me 4 full quarts bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey, express paid as per your offer. It is understood that if I am in any way dissatisfied I may return same at your expense and you will refund my money.
Name _____
Address _____

You see—WE MUST MAKE GOOD—we must send you a quality that will win your instant favor—and we will do it.

Note the price—only 80 cents a quart (express paid) for this highest grade bottle-in-bond whiskey—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision—and every bottle sealed with the Government's official bottled-in-bond stamp—positive assurance that it is fully aged—full 100% proof—and full measure—and absolutely PURE to the last drop.

Where else can you do so well?

Orders for Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington or Wyoming must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

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Dayton, O., St. Louis, Mo., St. Paul, Minn., New Orleans, La., Jacksonville, Fla.
5 N Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866. Capital $500,000.00 Fully Paid.

FREE GRAND EASTER SURPRISE PACKET FREE

WIN A PRIZE	5	1	19	20	5	18	WIN A PRIZE
	16	15	19	20			
	3	1	18	4	19		
	6	18	5	5			

Each one of the above letters spells a word. The most reading part of the letters, when correctly arranged, will spell the name of a famous city. Can you guess which city? Well, I ENJOY A BIG AUTUMN COLLECTION OF CLOTHING which I could fill with FIVE COLLECTIONS OF SPRING CLOTHING. All you have to do is to guess with your answer 2 cents in stamps, and I will send you, free of charge, my Grand Easter Surprise Packet. With the four words to a sheet of paper, and in return you send me the correct name of the city, and also your answer 2 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing, etc., I will send you, free of charge, my Grand Easter Surprise Packet. Write

Link Beam had caught her forcibly by the arm.

CHAPTER V.

MORE LOSS.

Next morning, early, the lawyer was on hand according to promise. The Scofield home was situated about six miles from town, the home once owned by Thomas Hartley lay a couple of miles nearer it.

"Most of our land came to Maurice and me from our parents," Clint explained. "My father built his house near one end of our land to be near neighbor to your uncle and to be near neighbor to your uncle. Wasn't your uncle tasty, though? Always believed in puttin' nearly all the money he made each year back in fixin' up an' improvin' the land. But it was getting to pay so well the last few years that he couldn't do without it all back. He was afraid of banks, but it all back. He was afraid of banks. I expect he had a lot of money hid around."

"I have an idea that Link has found it all before this time," Oscar dryly answered.

Daisy declared she would not go with the Hartleys today. She would stay at home and get dinner.

William Morton, who had made out the deed claimed by Joshua Beam,

"I Made $20 Today"

Sold 48 This Week. (profit $88.80.) writes M. G. Clark, Mont.

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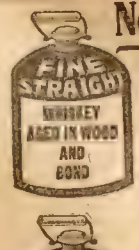

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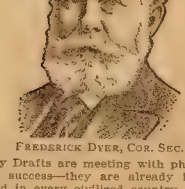

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for a dollar. Joshua Beam has been filling him up."

After the interview with Morton, the lawyer drove back to the house now occupied by Joshua Beam.

To Oscar and his stepmother never had a country place appeared so beautiful as this. Cleanly kept fruit orchards hemmed it about. Between these and the outlying wheat fields lay the land given to the vegetables and small fruits. Here and there, midst vines and trees, tiny white cottages peeped. Here the helpers on the farm lived, free from rent.

"Your brother-in-law was a born farmer, Mrs. Hartley," the lawyer explained.

She sighed and nodded yes. Deep in her heart stirred a feeling of pity for the man who must die and leave such a beautiful home; and yet, why should she pity him? He had not been fair or kind to his twin brother. He had not cared that he was sick and dying, for he had neither answered the letter she had written of David's sickness, nor the last telling of his death. He had not thought of David's children. He had carelessly left the money or land David's children should have inherited to be stolen and frittered away by strangers.

A Chinaman, cleaning vegetables in an out-house, caught her attention.

"Thomas Hartley did not care to have women about him. John Lee is a fine cook. Beam has retained him, I notice," the lawyer again explained.

Joshua Beam met them at the front door, ushering them into a very nicely furnished reception room. Oscar noted hungrily the long rows of books everywhere filling the walls of the room, books he would like to read and study.

His eyes came back from the books to study Joshua Beam. The man was slenderly tall, his thin form clad in neat fitting black, giving him a clerical look. Intelligence was plainly stamped on every feature of that sharp face, but the eyes were not good. They met you square, too square, but the cold mottled depths lay an ugly spirit blinking at you. Oscar saw this instantly, because—just such eyes had Granny McNab!

"This is the widow of David Hartley, only brother of Thomas Hartley, and this is Oscar Hartley, Thomas Hartley's heir," the lawyer briefly began. At the door he had made the three known to each other simply by name. Now he was giving a deeper explanation.

"Ah, and are you sure we have here relatives of the late owner of this home?" Joshua Beam asked, trying to show a kindly expression in his words. Indeed, the cold steel in his eyes was cutting into his tone.

"Very sure. The boy's looks go a great way, they bring letters and substantial proof which will be accepted in court," Mr. Beam, twice I have looked the papers of Thomas Hartley over. I find nothing relating to his family, not even that Bible he treasured. Have you made away with all such evidence?"

"For a lawyer that was badly put. Would I be likely to admit to you that I had done this were I such a dastard? Truly not. My brother's only interest is one fully known in this community, Mr. Schofield, to allow such a suspicion to go abroad. If such a Bible existed I knew nothing of it. He never had one. It with him. The mottled eyes were darkly regarding the young lawyer.

"And you never so much as knew he had a book of any kind you never saw that Bible?" Joshua Beam's head was shaken in the negative.

"If I had no other proof that you have schemed to cheat this boy of his inheritance, that word would show me that you have adroitly planned to do so. You tell a deliberate falsehood when you say that you know nothing of that Bible containing the records identical with the records in David Hartley's Bible. I have seen that Bible in your hands. On it you once made oath before me, and I have heard Thomas Hartley refer to his brother David times without mind to Joshua. When I was a boy, working on my father's farm, and exchanging work with Thomas Hartley, and that was before you had so deeply ingratiated yourself in his confidence, a confidence sadly misplaced, he often talked of David, and wished he could prevail upon him to come here.

"But I did not come here to denounce your falsehood. We will see after that on a better basis, and another time, but only I came here, with lawful order, to ask you to show us all of the personal property in household goods and live stock, with corn and wheat in crib at the time of the departure of Thomas Hartley. Furthermore—

"You need not go into further explanation. This will settle the question in hand, I hope." As he spoke, Joshua Beam took from a pigeon hole in the desk before him a paper. Opening it, but still holding firmly to it, he allowed the lawyer to read in Thomas Hartley's rather odd-looking hand writing, a signed receipt for not only all of the house furnishings, but all live stock and grain in store on hand a week before the departure of Thomas Hartley to his summer resort. All therein stated being sold to Joshua Beam for a consideration of eight hundred dollars."

The old his temper well in check, although held. Oscar and Mrs. Hartley realized that some consternation mingled with his rising color.

"You need not fear to let my hand rest on it, Joshua Beam. Evil thinks evil. Your would tear it into as worthless, which it is, were our cases reversed. We did you name eight hundred dollars as a consideration.

"I—name it?" was the haughty reply.

"Yes, you, for Thomas Hartley did not name it. In fact never saw that paper. While you were forging that, as you did the deed, why not have mentioned something near the real value of the stock and grain you have stolen? It will be just as easy for you to account to the court for a large amount of money expended on this estate as a smaller."

Green shone in the eyes of Joshua Beam. He moved nearer the young lawyer, one hand thrust in the breast of his coat. Oscar who had risen, moved nearer the lawyer, who doggedly faced the man, as he said, half sneeringly:

"So the Deacon carries a concealed weapon? Just as well not add another black spot to your coming record. I know to a cent the salary paid you by Thomas Hartley. I know you came here a poor man, for I have heard you admit that much. I know that you used nearly every cent of your salary each year upon yourself and that low. Your tastes, so far beyond your means Thomas Hartley deplored to me but the last year before he died. Joshua Beam, when you bought that land from Hartley you had but scant fifteen hundred dollars to pay for it. Hartley took your note for the rest—a note without surety. Where is that note? Where are all the notes kept by Thomas Hartley? I happen to know of money he had out on interest, but where are the papers showing those loans?

The lawyer paused, regarding the coolfaced man before him in hot, disapproving manner.

"You know nothing about them. You have destroyed them, I suppose? When you come into court, and are asked to show where or how this twenty thousand dollars came into your possession, will you make the statement that it was won at the gambling tables of Winnipeg?"

"I may," the man returned quite calmly; "then again, the court may not ask me to make a statement from whence came my money." As he said this Joshua Beam placed the receipt again in its pigeon hole. Then pointing to the door, said pointedly: "The interview has exceeded its limit. G—"

"Perhaps you would like people to think you made money by gambling, Deacon? I know nothing, while your passion for gambling is very great, your intelligence is not. Any half way gambler can fleece you. We will go, but not turn next. Joshua Beam, forger, you will soon, very soon, walk out of this house yourself, disgraced and a fugitive from justice, while this boy will, honestly and rightfully, come into his own."

And yet, despite the lawyer's brave words, for three silent persons drove slowly away from the Hartley home, never deep in plans with which to confute the word of Joshua Beam, Mrs. Hartley vexed at herself for bringing Oscar to such a bitter disappointment, and Oscar himself contriving ways and means ahead to make money with which to keep his mother and Daisy. And while he meditated, across the fields, close to the state line, he saw an awkward form shuffling in the direction of the home claimed by Joshua Beam. He knew to whom that shambling gait belonged, and roused up in anxious way.

Clint confirmed his suppositions. He came out to the carriage, as they stopped almost directly in front of his door, for Clint believed in sacrificing looks to handiness, and all comers alighted directly from horse or vehicle on the front door step.

"Yes, sir," he began directly. "There's been somethin' doin' since you folks went away. I thought I'd work close about the house this afternoon so as to be handy if Daisy wanted any help carryin' some fixin's stuff to get that dinner. Good thing I did, for that cub of Beam's sneaked in an' tried to kidnap Daisy. Come right in an' begun talkin' fierce to her, but she's white she was, I'll take my—"

"Where is she now, Clint?" Oscar interrupted, his face white with fear.

"Why, she's over to the house with Mis' Beam

worst luck, she could have dared had been given time to study the worst of this case, for Link had gone home, and legend now in his shallow mind against Oscar.

Isn't that another proof, Oscar, that Joshua Beam holds that land by a forged deed, and that crackbrain son of his knows it? That Link never could learn much at school but writin'. I found by chance that was a master hand at that. Like as not he helped in that business. He's got the old man somehow in the hollow of his hand or the fool wouldn't be taken to squeeze half the land out of his hold. As the monkey said when he put his hand in his mate's pocket and smashed into a rotten egg the chestnut had dropped there, "That scent explains the situation." Clint's alone explains the situation." Clint's grimace was as comical as of old when he had finished, but Daisy, trembling yet with fright and disgust, failed to make an extra rejoinder to the monkey's situation.

Joshua Beam was closeted with his lawyer when Link came into the house. He had gone to Winnipeg and retained one of those unscrupulous lawyers, ready to the best, for enough money, but a crackle and wowned for his power of swaying judge and jury, a master of pathos, adroit in making naught of good evidence by evading it, skillful in eliciting small evidence on his side to great telling purpose. Added to his power of his belief that his client had been wrongfully thrust out. He had actually well defined hints from Joshua Beam that he was not only with money saved from his farm, money gained by gambling, if not by worse, assisted on explanation. Joshua Beam was playing now to hold the property he had claimed. His professions, regard for Hartley had been a farce, and if the lawyer had honored him with the name of friend, he must know he was a gambler, let it pass, and be he confided to his lawyer, who might none the less of him for the

And yet, after the lawyer had gone, he was gloomy and peevish. Knowing that Thomas Hartley had not kept up friendly relations with his brother or his family, he had hoped that all might be dead, or at least would not hear of Hartley's death until he had been given time to make good possession of the estate, then get rid of it, leaving no address behind him after he did so.

The coming trial worried him, although his lawyer had given him to understand that his part was quite easy. It was simply a case of equity, and to be tried before a judge—the judge in question a strong personal friend of his own, and because of that likely to favor his plea.

"The proof must be brought forth from the other side. You simply produce the deed and keep mum," the lawyer told him at parting.

Then there was trouble Link had caused by making himself known to his great aunt, whom Beam, the elder, had told him lived in Oreston but bade him keep shy of. Link was carrying out these things with hands these days, doing exactly as he pleased.

Link came into the room, a pencil behind his ear, his hat set rakishly on one side, his head. His father angrily growled:

"A fine business man you are! Take that pencil from behind your ear, and go out and look after the plum pickers in the south orchard. I sent you to oversee them. Yesterday they crated all kinds together. You did not go near them yesterday or today. Now go! Do you hear?"

"Not so fast, Governor, not so fast! Go easy! I'm some master here. I'm no common laborer. Let the plums crate themselves."

The boy's arrogance and insolent impudence of late was increasing. His father gave him a look that really brought a chill of fear along his backbone, although Link gave no sign.

"I wish you and that Hartley boy were both dead. If he were dead this cursed trial could not go on, for there would be none to dispute my title. And as for you, if you ever speak to me again in that tone I will throttle you. Do you hear? I mean it! Now get out to that plum orchard, and see that you get in some good hour's work there. It will take nearly all of the profits on this year's crop to pay that rascally lawyer, but it was the highest price or none. Now go!"

Link did go, his little mind boiling against Oscar and with plan after plan how to completely annihilate him. To stop the trial, to make a clear road to get Daisy in his power, this was the work now set for him.

And thinking it all out, he gave so many contrary orders, talked so roughly to the plum-pickers, that each and all struck before noon, and, waiting in a body on Joshua Beam, ordered him to send a foreman and not a fool to oversee them, and if he did not he could get his plums picked by other hands.

This extremely interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Watch the Ledger in the coming months and you will find in it some of the most interesting stories ever written, so if you are not already a subscriber, you better send in a year's subscription and have the Ledger regularly. Take our advice and attend to this today.

The Runaway Wife

(Continued from page fourteen.)

was discussed, a stern-looking man, who refused to give his name, asked to view the body. His request was granted. The man stood for some time by the cold slab, gazing on the beautiful face which death had not marred, and could have thought the woman was sleeping. After a time, the man stooped and murmured some words to those forever deaf ears, then rising, walked from the room. Once without, he handed the attendant a roll of banknotes, saying:

"See that she has the finest of everything, and buy her a perpetual rights in the best cemetery of the town." With this order he left the dumfounded attendant and was seen no more.

That night a magnificent floral piece without name or card was sent for the dead woman. Again the newspapers took up the story, and interest and excitement over the mystery increased, until in Rio, Anita, her strange story and her tragic death, were the only subjects of conversation. The funeral came off on schedule time, and was largely attended, many going out of mere curiosity, others out of sympathy, not wanting the little woman who had charmed them with her dancing to go unattended to the grave. One closed carriage joined the procession outside the church, and worked its way directly back of the hearse. Who the occupants were no one ever knew, for at the cemetery the blinds were not raised, though the carriage remained until the last, then drove rapidly away. If it is given us to see after death, Anita must have known that the husband she had betrayed had followed her to her last home.

The search for the escaped murderer continued ceaselessly and doggedly. Martin and Smith, with the local detectives Dioneza hired to assist them, searched in every direction. They were able to trace Cabrenoza from the livery barn where he hired the horse to Petropolis, then to the inn where he had spent part of the day, then by securing a minute description of the horse he had purchased in Petropolis, they were able to track him as far as the frontier of Argentina. There all trace of him was lost for a time, and the detectives were forced to search at random, here, there and everywhere, seeking for a clew.

All that Dioneza men had done, Harkless had also done, working single-handed on the case. He feared to hire an outsider who might talk and betray his presence in Rio, but what he lacked in hired assistance he fully made up in personal energy and ceaseless toil, for was he not working to save his daughter's happiness? With scarcely an hour's rest, he worked day after day, following clew after clew, never discouraged, always on the alert. Like Smith and Martin, he was able to trace Cabrenoza as far as the Argentina frontier. Like them he there lost all trace of him. He purchased a pony, and for the next week rode the limitless pampas of Argentina, questioning all the gauchos he met, describing Cabrenoza and his mount. No one had seen him.

One hot afternoon, about a week later, as Harkless was riding slowly over the prairie, trying to find some ranch house where he could rest himself and mount, his horse gave a sideways jump, which called him out of his moody, discouraged thoughts. He quieted the pony, then looked around to see the cause of the animal's fright. A few feet from him lay a dead horse. His own horse, half asleep as he jogged along, while the rider was lost in thought, had come suddenly upon the dead animal and been frightened. He was about to continue his way when the color and the markings of the dead pony struck him. In one jump he was on the ground, examining the carcass more closely. It answered exactly the description of Cabrenoza's mount. With renewed hope Harkless continued his way. The man he was seeking could not be far away. Two hours later, after finding a cow track which worked its way through the thick grass, he sighted the low, one-story cottage which served as residence to the owner of the estancia, which in this case covered over sixty leagues and numbered its stock by the thousands. But as "work" is the only pursuit these millionaire stockmen of the South allow themselves, comfort and luxury are unknown, the houses are rude frame buildings, generally furnished and with little or no pleasure ground attached. Very few have cultivated gardens, while flowers are practically unknown.

All these details Harkless did not notice, being too preoccupied with his quest. He rode to the cottage door. A sad-eyed senora, carrying a baby in her arms, answered him.

"I have lost my way on the prairie," he announced, "and would like a chance to rest my horse and myself before I proceed farther."

"Do you come from the city?" asked the woman eagerly, her face brightening.

"Yes," answered Harkless, wondering.

"Then put up your horse and come back here. I will cook your dinner while you tell me the news."

These words expressed the loneliness of the woman's soul, that longing for civilization which comes to those separated from the world. Harkless thanked her and hurried to take care of his horse, knowing he would have no difficulty in getting all the information he wanted from the woman. He would give her the news of the city, but she would give him that of the pampas.

(Continued next week.)

Hope For Consumptives

We have a message of cheer for consumptives and lung sufferers—many of whom may have given up hope of ever being well and happy again. Look, listen and learn—this testimony should stir you into action.

A Physician Cures His Wife of Consumption

Gentlemen:—

"My wife was down with Consumption, when I ordered a bottle of Aicsol (Lloyd). She was very weak from night sweats, cough, and in a feverish condition. I noticed a change for the better after ten days' treatment, and from that time on up to three months, when the cure was completed. Aicsol (Lloyd) kills the Tubercle Bacillus in the blood and tissue, and it is the only remedy so far discovered that will do this. It is a preventative as well as a cure. It should be used by those who are run down, or those who fear the approach of Consumption. It can be truthfully said that Aicsol (Lloyd), for the cure and prevention of Consumption, is the most wonderful compound of the present age."

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Gentlemen:—

Had you spent $25,000.00 in advertising your remedy to the people for the benefit of consumption and all the chronic lung troubles, instead of distributing it among physicians who put samples in out-of-the-way places and perhaps never think of them again, you would now, in all probability, have a paying trade, while many poor victims of the White Plague that are now in their graves would be well and attending to business.

I believe you have one of the best remedies ever offered to the people. I believe it to be a general reconstructor of tissue and indicated in all cases where a reconstructor is called for. I have used Aicsol (Lloyd) for nearly five years, and know what I am talking about.

Once the remedy becomes generally known there will be but little trouble disposing of it.

You can use my name in any way you see fit in advertising, as I have said none in regard to the matter to which I will not be willing to make oath where such course is necessary.

Very respectfully,
J. A. WARD, M. D.
Troy, Mo., July 22, 1908.

A Physician Tells How Consumption May Be Cured

To Whom It May Concern:—

This is to show that I have used AICSOL (Lloyd), a medicine made and sold by LLOYD CHEMICAL CORP., of St. Louis, Mo., on one case of pulmonary consumption, on a lady in Kentucky, who was 47 years of age, and she recovered, and is now well and performing her ordinary duties and household work as of yore; is a gratified and sound woman.

The above case was far advanced in the second stage; night sweats, daily chills, hectic flush, and in the stage of menstruation, which is one of the most critical periods in woman's life.

I believe it will cure nine out of ten cases for which it is made, thereby saving and prolonging life, bringing health, happiness and saving immense suffering and in the aggregate, worry and thousands and millions of money. I heartily recommend AICSOL (Lloyd) to all interested and suffering with symptoms of consumption, and give permission to use my name in placing AICSOL (Lloyd) before the public.

Very respectfully,
G. W. HOLT, M. D.
McLeansboro, Ill.

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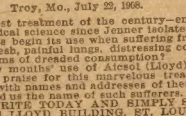
Listen and be convinced. Many patients begin its use when suffering from weakness, blood-spitting, pus filled sputum, night sweats, chills, fever, constipation, loss of flesh, painful lungs, distressing cough, wasted bodies, loss of hope and strength, full of despair. Aren't these terribly true symptoms of dreaded consumption?

When these same patients, after a few months' use of Aicsol (Lloyd), report that they ARE CURED, strong, able to work, have not an ache or pain, happy, full of praise for this marvelous treatment, it's time for you to be investigating. If you are not sick, cut out this ad, and send to some sufferer. All correspondence strictly confidential. Tomorrow is just so much time lost. Don't delay. WRITE TODAY AND SIMPLY SAY—SEND ME PROOF. ACT NOW by addressing LLOYD CHEMICAL CORPORATION, 571 LLOYD BUILDING, ST. LOUIS, MO.



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Adrift on an Iceberg.

(Continued from page eight.)

always melts last? Ah! you hesitate. Do tell us the truth!"

"In a way the answer is yes, but the submerged part is constantly washed by water that warms as the bergs drifts south, and the result is that that part becomes uncertain, honeycombed and feeble. Still, I think we shall find a firm base as long as we need it."

"You are a good Samaritan to encourage us, and I thank you—but wait a bit! Haven't I heard that when they reach the melting stage they sometimes turn upside down?"

"Turn turtle is the proper expression!" amended Mary.

Dorothy had remembered just what Ruel hoped she would not recall, and he had a new task to argue that peril away. He could not well deny the statement, but he represented the possibility as remote. It was not pleasant to think of the berg upsetting, for that meant death to all. There was no cowardly blood in the skipper's daughters, and they showed less concern than they really felt, so the conversation again drifted back to the changes on the surface of the berg.

That vast bulk was surely melting steadily, and the results no man could foresee. Meanwhile, it was exasperating to face death by drowning and by staunch ship at their elbow, perfectly useless. If only the Peggy was afloat!

When Ruel decided to the camp Ruel found Captain Drake sweltering his coming.

"Mr. Taylor," said he, "do you want a hazardous mission?"

"Anything you wish, sir," answered the mate eagerly.

"Even to spying upon Tom Minker's crew?"

"If I can do any good there, I am ready."

"Well, this is. We have not seen any of that gang in a long while, but it's not likely they are dead, and if they're living they are lying in wait to do some scoundrel act. Frankly, I fear for our ship. Now, if I can send two good men to spy upon them—you know that we think they have their refuge in the peak the girls call the Giant's Head—it may be possible to learn that which will help us greatly, later on."

"I'm ready to try, sir, and to try alone. I need no companion."

"It is not prudent for one man to risk it alone, so I have chosen Jerry Boxx to keep you company. In a word, I want you to improve our short night to get necessary information."

"It shall be done, sir."

"Don't forget one thing, young man. If Minker catches you spying upon his quarters he is likely to murder you at once!"

"Undoubtedly," Ruel returned calmly. "I'll try not to be seen, especially as discovery could irritate the fellow, even if he did not try to do murder. All possible secrecy shall be observed."

"Go, and may luck be with you."

Thus it was that, soon after darkness fell, Ruel and Jerry left on their undertaking. First of all they went exactly away from where the other crew were supposed to be, but when they had swung off far enough to elude any prowling watcher they turned and, making a detour, advanced toward the Giant's Head.

It was a rough region, for small hillocks of ice were many, all of which aided to screen them from view. Advancing, they saw nobody else, and finally drew close to the hill. Pausing, they gazed long and hard.

"Do you reckon they have a lookout, sir?" asked Jerry.

"We have got to think so, anyhow."

"Then he has the advantage of us. The shadders lay black close to the rise, an' he can see where we can't."

"It's against us, sure enough, but we will chance it. Do you notice that black spot yonder that is like a patch on the ice?"

"Ay, ay, sir! I was wonderin' whether it was a nat'ral hole in the ice, or somethin' else."

"It seems too regular for a natural cavity, though that is not certain. We must know. Remain here, Jerry, and I'll go ahead on hands and knees and learn. If I get the opinion that Minker's lair is right there."

"Let me go, sir. It's my place to do it, for I'm a sailor man."

"Exactly! A sailor man, and not an ice-creeper. Stay here, my hearty, for one can now do better than two. Have your weapons ready, but remain quiet unless I call."

Jerry again coaxed for permission to take the risk, but he was firmly denied and Ruel started away. Dropping low he crawled forward, using the ice-hillocks for cover and writhing snake-like on his way. The challenge that he expected did not come, either by word or bullet, and he finally drew near the opening. Crouching there he was more than ever of the belief that Minker's lair was found, and when he ventured to put his head past the shoulder of rock he knew it.

At the end of a long passage he saw a blaze of firelight.

He had located the camp, but that told nothing. He suddenly thirsted for important tidings, and the fact that no guard was on duty encouraged him and lured him to a wildly reckless adventure.

Eager to see the gang, he began crawling through the passage, and toward that yellow blaze.

Next week's Ledger will contain the conclusion of this strange story. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscriptions and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

A Crushing Blow.

A certain thrifty Sewichleyan, who contrives to "hold out" a little for sundry personal purposes despite the alertness of his better half, is often put to queer shifts to keep his secret bank roll from her prying eyes. When he some time ago began a systematic conservation of his resources, with an eye to attractive odds in the baseball betting on the pennant, he bethought himself of an old vest that he had seen hanging in a dark part of the cellar, which he wore when he was making garden in the spring. The vest would make an excellent depository, so he thought.

Deciding on Tuesday morning to come up to the city and "look 'em over," he repaired to the cellar. Horrors! The vest was gone. Search as he might it was nowhere to be found, and with a fallen heart he resorted to the last desperate expedient and sought his wife.

"Why, yes," she replied with a frown on her pretty face, "it smelled of mold and paint, so I just had to get rid of it, and I sold it to the ragman."

She watched him sink limply into a chair with a groan that shook the china in the china closet.

"But don't worry, pet, the $50 you so carelessly left in the vest is not lost, but is safely invested in this beautiful fall hat. Isn't it a perfect dear?"

And as she produced one of the latest bucket-shaped monstrosities as big as a water pail, he pulled a long breath and fell into a faint on the dining room floor.

Got Away.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Did you ever get a pension?"

"No, my boy."

"Wasn't you in the battle of Bull Run?"

"Yes, son, I was; but I started too early and ran too fast to get a pension."

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Tired.

"Is he lazy?"

"I would hardly say that. You've heard the expression 'unseemly haste'?"

"Why certainly."

"Well, all haste looks that way to him."

MOVING PICTURE

63 VIEWS
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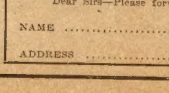

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water is perfectly clear you will know that the rice is in fit condition to be cooked. Have some water boiling in a saucepan, the proper proportions being about two quarts of unsalted water to each half pint of rice. Sprinkle the rice in so slowly that the water will scarcely stop boiling and cook it at a gallop in order that the grains may be kept in motion while boiling. Do not stir or touch the rice in any way after the grains have commenced to soften. When they are done drain off all the water and set the pan in the oven, that the rice may swell. Do not let it cook or brown, and serve it as soon as it has become soft, which will probably be in less than ten minutes. Let each person salt the rice to suit his own taste after it has been brought to the table.

Secret of Daintiness.

There are some girls who, without being look nice. You know, perhaps, that they have but a small dress allowance; yet, in spite of this fact, they look well every time you happen to see them, whereas other girls with more money at their command often look shabby and frumpish.

What is the dainty girl's secret? Nothing more than that she is careful. She has a place for everything, and she keeps to it. Her veils, ribbons, gloves, etc., do not fight for supremacy in one terrible looking drawer, and finally emerge in a crumpled and torn condition to form part of her attire, looking as if they had been either bought second hand or had been rescued from the family rag bag.

No; all the articles are put away with the utmost care, being brushed or dusted first, if necessary, or mended if a stitch in them should chance to be needed, for she understands the importance of detail in the smallest things if the effect of the whole is to be good.

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The same, with the border of black crepe instead of white.

Turnover stocks, the foundation tucked linen, the turnovers the edge of a mourning handkerchief.

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6868—**Blouse or Dress Sleeves, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44.** The quantity of material required for the medium size is for either the long puffed sleeves or the elbow sleeve 1¼ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, ⅝ yard 36 or 44, ½ yard of all-over lace for the cuffs of the long sleeves. For the mousquetaire sleeves will be needed 1⅜ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, ⅝ yard 44 with ⅝ yard 24 or 27, ¾ yard 36 or 44 for the cuffs.

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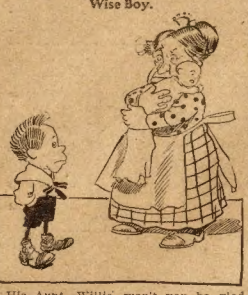
FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Wise Boy.



His Aunt—Willie, won't you be glad when your baby brother begins to grow up?

Willie—Yes. It'll be a pleasure to see somebody else get licked around this house.

BUSY DAYS.

There always is something I'm waiting to do,
But never can manage to hustle it through;
There's my stockings to darn and my bureau to fix;
My things, mother says, are most always a-mix
But the time never comes with a second to spare
To try to be tidy or mend up a tear.
These are what the grown-up-ers call strenuous days,
And I cannot find time to mend even my ways.
What? Oh, wait, please, Elsie, just one tiny minute!
You can't have a candy pull less I am in it.
I'll just leave my lessons to study tonight.
I surely can get them—I'm really bright.
I'll pin up my frock, I am in such a hurry,
The buttons are off, but I can't stop to worry.
I'd like a French maid and a seamstress or two,
I never have time to be tidy. Do you?

It. Rained Money.

Ragged and yelling little street boys and tall, dignified men in perfectly clean clothes scrambled together for coins in the gutter of Olive street in St. Louis recently. Bright rolling silver dollars, a thousand of them, were strewn along the pavement near the Bank of Commerce. The business of Olive street was stopped while children and men gathered the coins, which lay on the walk, in the roadway and in the gutter like windfall apples on the sun-flecked turf of an orchard. A messenger had been carrying the dollars from the United States subtreasury to the bank. The bag in which the money had been packed was old and rotten, and it could not support the weight of silver. It tore, and through the rent came streaming a thousand shining white disks that rolled under the feet of passers-by and circled to rest with the tinkle of a thousand dinner-bells. It was a quarter of an hour before the last coin had been poked out from its hiding place in the street, and it speaks well for the honesty of St. Louis that every dollar was returned to the bank messenger by the willing gleaners.

The Cat Speaks.

In fall, when I peer out at night,
The stars seem very, very bright.
They're surely brighter when it's cold;
And, though I never have been told,

I know those little stars all try
To shine their brightest in the sky,
To warm the world and make things bright
For cats that sing outdoors at night.

Collections.

There was once an old gentleman who was fond of making collections. It seemed not to matter what he collected. He grew quite as interested in getting a collection of walking sticks as if he had been collecting coins or stamps or pictures or any of the things people usually collect. In fact, people soon found it was not safe to give him presents, for he at once tried to collect of the same thing.

Once a favorite aunt of his brought him a jar of strawberry preserves, but, instead of sitting down and eating some like a sensible gentleman, Mr. Cabot—that was his name—at once exclaimed: "I must make a collection of preserves!" He asked all his relatives to give him preserves for his birthday, and soon he had the little shelf around the top of his room filled with jar after jar of jam—peach, strawberry, raspberry and every other kind you can think of—probably a good many you have never heard of, as well.

Now, this was all very well when Mr. Cabot lived alone, but after a while he adopted an orphan baby. He saw it at the orphan asylum, and as it was a very engaging small boy Mr. Cabot felt that he couldn't be happy unless he took Jimmy home to live with him. Even this might have been all very well, but as soon as Mr. Cabot saw Jimmy cooing comfortably beside his hearth he exclaimed in delight, "I must have a collection of babies!"

Mr. Cabot found that babies were not easy to collect. He tried to borrow some, but nobody would lend him any, till at last he was obliged to pick them up whenever he saw any. In this way he collected eleven one day, and with Jimmy that made a round dozen. At first Mr. Cabot was delighted with his collection, but when he left them alone a few minutes what do you think happened? The biggest baby climbed up on a chair and took down jar after jar of jam, and when Mr. Cabot returned the jam and the babies were hopelessly mixed. He felt quite discouraged and was not at all sorry when eleven angry mothers came to see him and spoiled his collection by taking away all the babies but Jimmy.

However, Jimmy always lived with him, and Mr. Cabot had a lovely time collecting toys and breakfast foods. I believe he collected so many breakfast foods that Jimmy never had the same one twice in a year. And when Jimmy grew a little bit older Mr. Cabot helped him collect postage stamps and coins and dogs and stones and seaweed and caterpillars and all the other useful things that boys collect.

The Fall of Bowser.

Bowser was all right when he fell out of the seventh-story window, but if any boy or girl should try to follow Bowser the result might be rather sad. Although Bowser is a cat and cats have a way of lighting right side up when they fall out of windows it is surely worth while to practice on your own family Tom. Tom might not be so lucky as Bowser, and, besides a policeman might see you and tell your father and mother. Anyway, it is lucky that there are not many seventh-story windows that cats can fall out of. It was Bowser's fault, of course, because if he had been content to lie still on the window sill of the flat where his mistress lives, at 147 West Oak street, Chicago, he would not have fallen. But an impudent little chippy sparrow came scattering crumbs through the air, and sat down to rest at the end of the sill. The insult was too much for Bowser, who made a grab at the bird. Chippy flew away laughing, but Bowser had jus
down and down an
brought up at th
below. When
front door of
almost fainted
stood Bowser, quite
mewing to be let in.

The Rab

The rabbit is a cheer
He has enormous ea
He never gossips, gad
One-half the things

Ill-natured talk and mean remarks
He never passes on.
That's why he is by all his friends
So highly looked upon.

THE SECRET.

A secret told is gone, they say.
But even though that's true,
It wouldn't seem a secret
Unless somebody knew.

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